Subsidizing the States *Edwin L. Dale, Jr.*

THE NEW REPUBLIC

November 28, 1964, 35 cents

FALL BOOK REVIEW

John Wain
Adrienne Koch
Victor Lange
Alan Watts
Joseph Epstein

Oh No, Lord Snow — *Malcolm Muggeridge*

Mr. W. H. — *Paul Murray Kendall*

On Whittaker Chambers — *Irving Howe*

The Presidency — *Gerald W. Johnson*

Jive Talk — *Albert Goldman*

NEWSPAPER
VERMONT
LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

T.R.B. *from Washington*

LBJ's Honeymoon

★ We hear the knives go "wheet," "wheet," "wheet," all over Washington. For whom are they sharpened? For LBJ, to be sure. The press is going back to its uninhibited posture after being forced, reluctantly, to fight Goldwater.

We give Mr. Johnson a honeymoon of about three months. He has four big position documents ahead: a budget, an economic report, a State of the Union message, and an Inaugural. His huge, unnatural coalition support, we guess, will then diminish. That is the trouble with a landslide victory. After it, there is nowhere to go but down; that is, if the victor tries to do something, and we think LBJ will.

We believe circumstances, allied with Mr. Johnson's innate populist-progressive instincts, will push him toward the liberal side (though we can't be sure). That will alienate anti-Goldwater conservatives. In any event, the present condition is unnatural – Walter Reuther and Bob Anderson supporting the same man! We don't think it will last.

A lot of knee-kick conservatives who believe in a sinister press "conspiracy" are going to be surprised; maybe delighted. Many of our newspaper colleagues have liked Barry as a person more than Lyndon. They would have preferred him as next-door neighbor. Now that he is eliminated they see days of sharp reporting coming back, critical reporting that wasn't possible for Father-Hero Ike, nor for dazzling JFK, but that normally characterizes the press treatment of a Democratic President. We have a lot of admiration for the Washington press corps. Maybe it tends to be over-critical but, collectively, it is honest and objective, and it is hard to awe. It will look at Mr. Johnson realistically.

We have a big stake in Lyndon Johnson. We hope he succeeds. But his big troubles are all ahead, and some of them are self-made, or inherent in his personality. Pretty soon (maybe almost at once) he must choose between being a popular President and being a great President. It is a cruel choice. Normally you can't be both. Ike chose the first. Mr. Johnson has tremendous assets of energy, intelligence and ambition. He wants to be a "great." He also has a thin skin, a towering ego and a tin ear to certain nuances and overtones, as in the Baker case and his retention of control in his monopoly TV. Hearings in the Baker case, incidentally, are scheduled to begin again here, December 1.

How about Republicans? We have no doubt at all that chairman Dean Burch will eventually go, but we think he is only a symbol. We wrote last week that the GOP badly needs a rallying point, a "National Advisory Council," and we note with interest that Governor Smylie of Idaho, in his call for a GOP governors' conference at Denver, December 5, says the members will propose just that. The GOP governors are too small a group; the National Committee too diffuse. We think the Committee will meet in January, give Chairman Burch a polite vote of confidence, and expect him to retire after a tactful interval. The GOP will return gradually to middle-road conservatism (speeded up if they create an articulate center of national leadership in an Advisory Council). And we see no reason why the GOP won't make the usual partial comeback at mid-term in Congress and the states.

The Far Right Scandal

★ The Treasury Department, we believe, is about to crack down on the tax-free Far Right. Evangelist Billy James Hargis complained last week that his $2-million-a-year anti-Communist "Christian Crusade" has had its tax-exempt status removed by the Internal Revenue Service, for "political activities." This has been one of the scandals of the modern age. Perhaps we have bored you with it. But travel over the country and you hear everywhere programs of right-wing extremism over the radio, and *you* are paying for them. How? Because they generally have a tax-free "educational" status. You pay the taxes which they don't pay. Where did the 26 million people come from who voted for Goldwater? – in some part, we believe, from those subjected day after day to reiterated, evangelical exhortations against US foreign policy – against internationalism abroad and social amelioration at home.

An organization loses its tax-exempt status under the law if a "substantial" part of its activities are directed to propaganda or to attempts to influence legislation. The selfless League of Women Voters lost tax-exemption in 1960, but H. L. Hunt's red-baiting "Life Line" (reaching six million daily), and Hargis' "Christian Crusade" retained theirs.

An Internal Revenue examiner ruled "Life Line" was not tax exempt under the definition in 1962, a regional board supported the examiner, but the Bureau itself didn't act. Representative Wright Patman (D, Tex.) in September protested against the inaction. At a hearing, Treasury officials told Patman that they would decide the case "very shortly," and that the decision would be a precedent for a batch of 24 cases of mostly right-wing groups.

Norman Thomas

★ Eighty years ago last week, November 20, a boy was born in Marion, Ohio, who was to run six times for the Presidency and never make it. From the same town came a man who was to run once for the Presidency, and make it in an unprecedented landslide. One man was Norman Thomas, the reviled Socialist. The other was Warren Harding, the lauded Republican. Which one, my friends, was the success; which one the failure?

Finally, to finish off this column, we wonder how many know of the absolutely tremendous economic leverage a President now has over segregated states? Under farm programs alone, a billion dollars pour into Southern states. Five little paragraphs – Title VI of the Civil Rights Act – say, in effect, "No enforcement; no funds."

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE NEW REPUBLIC *A Journal of Opinion Volume 151 Number 22 Issue 2610 November 28, 1964*
Published weekly (except July and August when it is biweekly) and distributed by The New Republic, *1244 19th St., N.W., Washington, D. C. 20036. Phone FEderal 8-2494. Single copy 35c. Yearly subscription, $8; Foreign, $9; Armed Forces personnel or students, $6.50. Send all remittances and correspondence about subscriptions, undelivered copies, and changes of addresses to Subscription Department,* The New Republic, *381 West Center Street, Marion, Ohio 43301.* *Copyright© 1964 by Harrison-Blaine of New Jersey, Inc.* *Item g. Second Class Postage Paid at Washington, D. C. Indexed in* Readers' Guide.

CONTENTS

THE WEEK – Conspiracy on the Right, Perils of the UN, World Trade Haggle 3

Negro Votes Beat Barry
– *Pat Watters* 7
The Great Battle for Storm King
– *James Ridgeway* 8
New Riots in Panama?
– *R. M. Koster* 9
Subsidizing the States
– *Edwin L. Dale, Jr.* 11

BOOKS – *Reviews by John Wain, Alan Watts, Paul Murray Kendall, Gerald W. Johnson, Victor Lange, Irving Howe, Joseph Epstein, Malcolm Muggeridge, Adrienne Koch, Albert Goldman* 13
CORRESPONDENCE 37

THE STAFF

Editor-in-Chief – Gilbert A. Harrison
Managing Editor – Alex Campbell
Books and Arts Editor – Robert Evett
Associate Editor – James Ridgeway
Assistant to the Editors – F. R. Ruskin
Copy Editor – Lucille Davis

Contributing Editors: Alexander M. Bickel, Robert Brustein, Asher Brynes, Helen Fuller, Frank Getlein, B. H. Haggin, Morton H. Halperin, Irving Howe, Christopher Jencks, Gerald W. Johnson, Stanley Kauffmann, Murray Kempton, Charles Burton Marshall, Helen Hill Miller

Publisher – Robert B. Luce
Circulation Manager – Bertha Lehman
Business Manager – Glenon Matthiesen
New York Advertising Representative – Roland Gomez, Murray Hill Advertising Inc., 64 East 34th St., New York, N.Y. 10016

Conspiracy on the Right

The National Director of Public Relations for the John Birch Society, former Congressman John H. Rousselot, says that a "substantial number" of the Society's membership are policemen. He may be exaggerating, or not have meant what he said. Nevertheless, it was learned last week that Birchers have tried to gain control of the Santa Ana, California, police department. They are engaged, an investigator reports, in "a power play to get the chief and replace him with someone over whom they could exercise control"; the chief has been the victim of anonymous phone calls before dawn, fire trucks sent to his home on false alarms, unordered flowers sent to him COD, and the theft of his badges. In Philadelphia too, 14 or 15 policemen are known to be members of the Society, and the mayor has said that henceforth they will be given restricted duty.

We are dealing here with a six-year-old, semi-secret society; "a monolithic body," according to its founder, Mr. Robert Welch, who adds that it operates under "completely authoritative control at all levels." Membership dues for men are $24 a year, for women $12. Membership may be revoked at any time by a duly-appointed officer of the society, "without the reason being stated." Directives are passed along through a monthly *Bulletin*. Members are encouraged to infiltrate such organizations as the PTA, to harass speakers at meetings, to create front organizations (such as the *Committee to Impeach Earl Warren* or the *Committee to Investigate Communist Influences at Vassar College*). Membership figures are confidential, but one good estimate is that they have doubled in the past year and are now slightly over 50,000. In 1963 in California, the Society had 300 chapters; today in that state it is believed to have 724. One-hundred-and-sixty people seem to be employed on its national staff. In a report filed in 1962 with the Commission of Charities in Massachusetts, the Society stated that it had that year an income of $826,000; in 1963, it reported income of a little over a million dollars. But in the December, 1963, *Bulletin*, Mr. Welch said: "At the end of 1963, we are running at the level of expenses of approximately $2 million a year," and that the Society was "pouring printed materials of the very best quality for the purpose out of here at the average rate of $20,000 worth in retail value every week, and getting it sold and read."

Mr. Rousselot's idea that "there is absolutely nothing wrong with police being members of the John Birch Society" deserves scrupulous

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

examination. If the Society were merely an educational association interested in the problems (or evils) of Communism, Mr. Rousselot's view would be hard to refute. But the Society appears to be much more than that. We say "appears," because so much is shadowy. We do know from the Society's literature that it is "political" in quite a different sense than, say, the Republican Party. In spirit and structure it resembles the American Communist Party, though the latter is far smaller, having today a membership in the neighborhood of 10,000.

But it's a free country. Why pick on cops for joining anything? There is a practical and important reason why. When any significant number of citizens lose confidence in the fairness, the impartiality of its police (or military) force, trouble is inevitable. If the public has reason to suspect that guardians of law and order – in New York City or St. Augustine, Florida – are refractory or biased, the public peace itself is put in jeopardy. And can one doubt that a great many citizens suspect the fairness and impartiality of members of an organization whose founder believes that "Milton Eisenhower is a Communist and has been for 30 years"; who thinks it "beyond any reasonable doubt" that "Dwight Eisenhower is a dedicated conscious agent of the Communist conspiracy . . ."; or who could say in 1961 that "Communist influences are now in almost complete control of our federal government"? What place have policemen in a clandestine organization whose head, in outlining how Birchers might take over the Republican Party, wrote in 1961: "We hope to increase our impact tremendously on the political scene, through education of others and dedication of ourselves, in 1962 and especially by 1964. . . . What is not only needed, but is absolutely imperative, is for some hard-boiled, dictatorial and dynamic boss to come along to deliver himself approximately as follows. . . . 'You fellows, over there, all of you, get the heaviest clubs you can find, spread yourselves out no more thinly than you have to along the whole length of this wall, and don't hesitate to break the heads of any saboteurs you find monkeying with it. Don't even hesitate to break the heads of those you find creeping toward the wall, if you are sure of their evil intentions, just as a warning to the rest of the dirty gang'."

When Mr. Rousselot says that "police membership is a private matter," he is in error. It is like the error some liberals made in the 1950's, when they thought it altogether wrong for public authorities ever to inquire into the associations of government employees. It *is* of concern to constituted authorities if a cadre exists within a law enforcement unit with private aims sharply at variance with those of constituted authority. The fact that there is no constitutional right to be a policeman is, however, an irrelevancy. Everyone, policeman or not, has a constitutional right to be dealt with fairly by government. Because that right is fundamental, no member of any police department ought to be disciplined or discharged without having had a full and fair hearing in which his exact connection with the Society is ascertained. But then what? Membership in or association with a group cannot be grounds for taking away a man's job or demoting him, unless the activities of the group in question are plainly proved to be incompatible with a man's official duties. That has not yet been plainly, and publicly proved. It cannot be unless the full story of the John Birch Society is on the record. We need to know what discipline it imposes, what in practice it does; in brief, we need a responsible investigation of the conspiratorial Right, centering on the John Birch Society, but extending to the Minutemen, whose leader, Robert Bolivar DePugh, announced on November 4 that, "the hopes of millions of Americans that the Communist tide could be stopped with ballots instead of bullets have turned to dust." The Minutemen boast of between 25,000 to 46,000 members; again, no outsider knows how close to the truth these figures are. We do know that no tenet of democracy requires that the state tolerate within its borders paramilitary organizations.

But who has the subpoena power, the standing, the staff – and the objectivity – to carry forward such an inquiry? Representative Charles Joelson (D, N.J.) has proposed a "deep and thorough" investigation of the Minutemen by the House Un-American Activities Committee. But HUAC is a discredited body, incapable of commanding general confidence, unless it receives a massive transfusion of new blood – new members untainted by a reputation for injudicious and arrogant treatment of witnesses. No mayor, or even a state attorney general, has sufficient authority to gather in the necessary evidence on all these national organizations. The Civil Rights Commission could perhaps usefully explore one group – the Ku Klux Klan – with special attention to the role its members have in police work. The Commission at least begins with the advantage of having a model procedural code. It would not publish suspicion as fact, leak private testimony to the press, give no chance for anyone to rebut evidence.

But a broader inquiry is in order, one conducted by a special committee, bipartisan in character, of either the House, the Senate or both. If there are conspiracies on the Right, let's find out how they operate, what they want, and how they are financed. It may be said that *The New Republic* is calling for a return to snooping and spying by government; in brief to "McCarthyism." If the investigation proposed here were conducted as Joe McCarthy ran his, it ought to be opposed. But that unconscionable performance in the 50's need not be repeated.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Perils of the UN

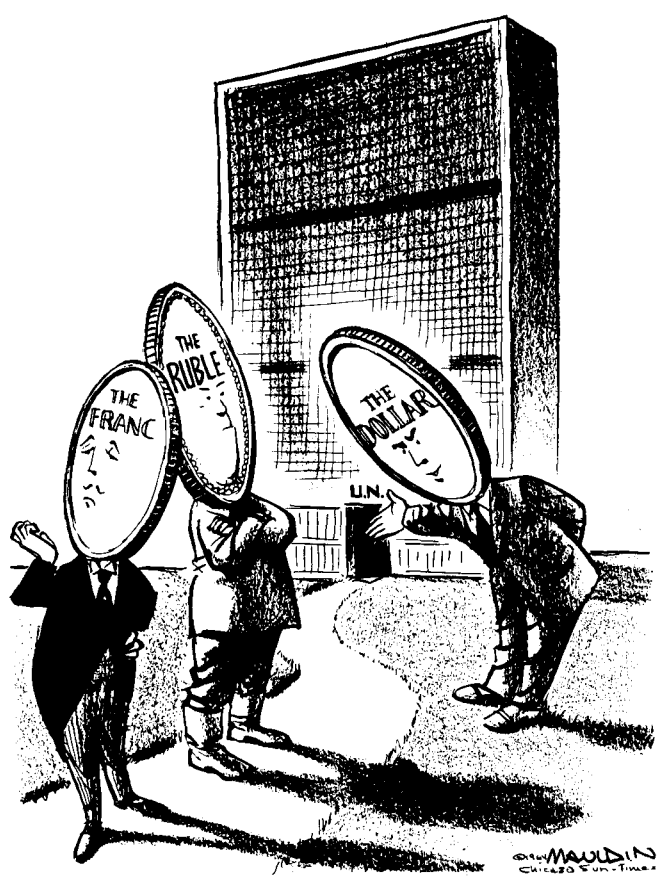
A solution of the debt issue that threatens to disrupt the United Nations – the Russians and their satellites are refusing to pay assessments for the cost of UN peace-keeping operations in the Congo and the Middle East, and the United States insists that if they do not they should lose their voting rights in the General Assembly – may be found as this issue of *The New Republic* goes to press. What, however, seems more likely is that the crisis will be kept up through December, right to the last possible minute of the eleventh hour, when a slight but significant change in someone's collision course (the US of course hopes it will be Russia's) will enable the international organization to slip safely into calmer water as well as into 1965. Meantime, the atmosphere inside the green glass skyscraper on the East River is charged with plots and subplots, rumors, threats and blandishments, all as prelude to the December 1 opening of the General Assembly (already twice postponed) and the dreaded debate on the debts.

The crisis has been long anticipated. But until this month, few people took seriously American warnings that, should the Russians fail to pay up, the US would try to invoke Article 19 of the Charter to deprive the Soviets and most of their satellites of their votes in the Assembly. American officials have all along been optimistically predicting that the Soviets will finally give in. Under the UN rules, the Soviet Union can evade the penalty of lost voting rights by paying a mere $5.8 million. Though Russia's assessed debt is $52.6 million, a member can be two years in arrears without penalty. The 1962-63 assessment figure for Russia is $46.8 million; by paying the difference between this and the October, 1964, total of $52.6 million, the Soviet Union could stay within the rules.

Most UN diplomats seem convinced, even now, that there is a great element of bluff in the US stand. After all, there is a basic contradiction between "building bridges" to Eastern Europe, about which President Johnson spoke during the election campaign, and a policy of apparently pushing the Soviets to the wall. And yet, having gone to such lengths to affirm repeatedly that nothing will satisfy Washington but Soviet payment of its share of peacekeeping costs, or the application of Article 19, perhaps the US has painted itself into a corner. The Soviet stand is that the peacekeeping operations in the Middle East were not approved by the Security Council, only by the Assembly, and that those in the Congo were initially approved by the Council but later (under the direction of the Secretary-General, the late Dag Hammarskjold) took a form and direction neither anticipated nor agreed to by the Russians. On July 20, 1962, the International Court at The Hague ruled against Russia by calling both peacekeeping forces part of regular UN operations. Soviet and American spokesmen have made hundreds of speeches and declarations to prove the respective rightness of their cause. These, however, have very little effect on most delegates; what matters to them is not so much who is right, but whom one should fear more.

What, after all, is the UN to many new (and poor) nations? It is, first of all, the only platform from which they may remind the world from time to time that they exist. It is also in some cases the only source of economic and technical aid. Finally, the UN may turn out to be their only protector if they are attacked. These small countries now find themselves between the hammer and the anvil. If they do not go along with Ambassador Stevenson, the US may withhold its contribution to the UN's technical assistance program; without that contribution of $57.8 million (40 percent of the total) the whole UN-aid scheme would collapse. On the other hand, the Russians threaten to walk out of the UN if a majority votes to suspend their rights, and if Russia walked out it would mean the ruin of the world body.

In such circumstances, it is not surprising that a



"After You, Gentlemen."

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

number of committees have been formed by various combinations of small countries, all of whom wish to find a compromise. There is still considerable opinion in the UN that if no compromise is reached, the Soviet threat to leave is more serious than the American threat to cut financial support. Many of these smaller countries, therefore, will not support a resolution to deprive the Soviets of their voting right. True, Ambassador Stevenson and his aides claim that the Americans have a majority; they even show "confidential figures" to support their point. But the claim is widely disbelieved.

The American position is further weakened by the fact that what seems to be an American-Soviet contest is in fact a three-corner fight, the third antagonist being France. The French are keeping very quiet, but they side with the Russians, though de Gaulle's motives in refusing to pay his share of the UN's Congo operation are different from those of the Soviets. For the USSR, the Congo operation was merely a UN cover for US policy. For de Gaulle, it was inadmissible that the UN should intervene in what was essentially an internal Congolese war. He never believed that there was any danger of a Communist takeover in the Congo; *i.e.*, it was geography rather than a UN force which prevented direct Soviet intervention. For de Gaulle, moreover, the Congo precedent is highly dangerous. Encouraged by it, the UN – composed, as de Gaulle sees it, mostly of irresponsible countries who vote frivolously – might tomorrow order a "peacekeeping" operation somewhere for which they will not pay and to which they will not send their own troops. Last but not least, de Gaulle's refusal to pay up must be seen as another pressure play to convince Washington that if it does not accept France as an absolutely equal partner, it will find her a troublesome opponent.

For the past few years, the impact of the United Nations on world affairs has been steadily diminishing. The main reason is, of course, the egotism of big and small countries alike. None is yet prepared to surrender even a part of its national sovereignty to an international body.

World Trade Haggle

The UN debt crisis may be solved by or before December 31; but the long-awaited Kennedy Round of world-trade talks will not, it seems, get seriously underway before January, and then may continue right through next year and into 1966 (President Johnson's authority to make tariff cuts, under the 1962 Trade Expansion Act, expires in October, 1967). What this means is that by some date in 1966, 14 countries in Europe including Britain and Czechoslovakia, and the United States, Canada and Japan, may have reached agreement to make a start with reducing industrial tariffs, by stages and eventually by as much perhaps as 30 percent. This prospect seems an "uneffectual fire" compared with the bright dawn the late President Kennedy thought he saw, when he confidently talked of trade negotiations to cut most tariffs in half, and abolish tariffs altogether on those industrial goods that are mostly manufactured by the United States, Britain and the six countries which constitute the European Common Market.

It took 18 months of haggling over ground rules to get to the point, last week, where the negotiating countries decided the items on which they did *not* want across-the-board tariff cuts, thus at last clearing the way for bargaining about the trade categories on which across-the-board cuts are at any rate discussable. And there have been other formidable obstacles in the way of the negotiations. Germany's politically powerful, high-cost wheat farmers by resisting any reduction of grain prices almost provoked a French walkout. Just when this situation seemed at least to have eased last week, the Italians complained that even the lower grain prices approved by the Commission of the European Economic Community would raise Italy's cost of living to an intolerably high level, through increased beef and milk prices. And the atmosphere has also been disturbed by American beef quotas, an American tax on capital exports and doubling American tariffs on glass and carpets, and by an emergency 15-percent surcharge imposed by the new British Labour government on practically all British imports. Under the circumstances, one should perhaps be thankful that there still seems a reasonable prospect of any kind of trade talks at all.

But without appearing too churlish about whatever may be finally negotiated, it is probably fair to say that the high hopes of 1962 were almost certainly exaggerated. Nor need this incur charges of hindsight: Mr. Oscar Gass said so quite plainly at the time, in two articles in *The New Republic* in March, 1962. Even if Britain had got into the Common Market – and the larger aspirations of the Trade Expansion Act were more or less pinned to that – Mr. Gass took leave to doubt that reducing or even removing tariffs that average (in the US case) only 11 percent would solve either the US problems of slow growth and stubborn unemployment, or the still more intractable difficulties confronting the underdeveloped countries of the world. The 122 nations attending the United Nations trade conference in Geneva in the spring of this year made it painfully plain then that they regard the Kennedy Round as an overrated operation that is being conducted within the basic framework of a "club" of rich

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

(and almost entirely white) countries, and which is highly unlikely to come up with much of a solution to their problems. This view has some justification. Food, industrial raw materials and fuels make up 90 percent of the value of the less-developed nations' exports; petroleum accounts for 12 percent of US imports and, even so, the US has excepted it from the Kennedy Round of tariff-cutting negotiations. The underdeveloped countries' share of world trade has shrunk from 30 to 20 percent in a decade. Their attempts to wriggle out of their growing difficulties by borrowing have simply landed them with a disastrous mass of short-term debts.

The Secretary of State says that a failure of the Kennedy Round will be a breach of faith with the less-developed countries, but how in fact will those countries be assisted by the industrialized nations taking in more of one another's washing? The Kennedy Round may conceivably end by making the rich a little richer, but that will only make the poor countries relatively still poorer, unless the industrialized nations quickly reach agreement to open their doors to what the poor have to sell, on preferential terms.

Negro Votes Beat Barry

Atlanta

There has been remarkably little acknowledgement of the debt owed to Southern Negroes by the Democratic Party and by most Americans. The Goldwater strategy of carrying the whole South would have succeeded, in spite of considerable white-minority support for President Johnson in the states he carried and in some he didn't, but for the substantial Negro vote. In all parts of the South the Negro vote went Democratic by better than 95 percent but, in the 11 states of the old Confederacy, only in his own state of Texas did Johnson have a clear majority of white votes. Goldwater carried Mississippi, Alabama, Louisiana, South Carolina and Georgia in the South, but a majority of the whites in five other states also voted for him. The six Southern states that Johnson carried are the only states in the South where more than 45 percent of Negroes eligible to vote are registered.

In most Southern states, Negroes who had long played parts in the Republican Party's state organizations were ejected from those roles before the Republican Party convention. In the Goldwater strategy, the Negro votes that were thus lost to the party of Lincoln were to be more than replaced by great Republican gains among Southern white voters.

Democratic politicians, who for decades had led the South's resistance to civil rights including Negro voting, defected to the Republicans. Others sat the campaign out, including Senator Richard Russell and Senator Herman Talmadge of Georgia. Georgia's moderate Governor Carl Sanders was left to lay his political life on the line for Johnson. The votes were counted and Sanders came up short; and the White House has since shown more interest in *rapprochement* with the two Senators than in rewarding the loyal Governor. The invitation to Georgia politicians to President Johnson's deer-hunt at his Texas ranch was phoned not to Sanders, but to Russell. Once, Sanders was regarded as a likely man to beat Russell in 1966. The immediate moral for Southern politicians seems to be that if you can't win for the party, don't try.

Solidly Democratic Negro votes saved Democratic Congressmen. The only notable Republican gains in the South below the Presidential level were five House seats and 10 Alabama courthouses. Senator Albert Gore of Tennessee defeated his Republican opponent by 73,500 votes; the Negro vote was 153,500. In the second district of Louisiana, Democratic Representative Hale Boggs won by 17,900 votes; the Negro vote was at least 25,000. There were a number of such cases. The Negro vote explains the retention of the few Southern Congressmen who survived the election after voting for the civil rights bill. Representative Ross Bass won a Senate seat in Tennessee by 52,300 votes; the Negro vote was 157,900. Representative Charles Weltner of Atlanta was reelected by 12,300 votes; the Negro vote was 32,100.

The Republican white onslaught was not without its ironies, for in Alabama it destroyed half a century of conservative Democratic seniority by the defeat of Representative George Huddleston Jr. of Birmingham and two other Congressmen; and in Mississippi it removed in the name of Goldwater conservatism as conservative a voice as there was in the US House, the voice of Democrat W. Arthur Winstead.

The five Southern states that Goldwater carried have the lowest percentages of Negro registration among the 11 states of the old Confederacy. His margins were highest where Negro registrations are lowest; as, for example, in Mississippi (28,500 out of 422,500 Negroes were eligible) where Goldwater had his biggest margin, 306,000.

Without the increases in Negro voter registration in the past two years that the Voter Education Project has produced, Goldwater would have carried Florida and Virginia.

The Voter Education Project coordinated registration activities of the five major civil rights organizations and local groups. It ends this year, but registration will remain an important object of the Southern Negro movement.

PAT WATTERS

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Great Battle for Storm King

There is little if any sense to be made of the tangled net of archaic and unworkable regulations that govern production and transmission of electricity in the country. The demands for electric current are expected to nearly quadruple by 1980. The trend is away from small plants connected to short transmission lines toward fewer mammoth generating facilities which will shoot electricity thousands of miles along extra-high-voltage wires. But where will the plants be located? And where will the "power corridors," as the transmission lines are called, be placed? Nobody knows. Joseph Swidler, chairman of the Federal Power Commission, is trying to shepherd the industry along through a national power survey to a point where it can make the best uses of its resources by interconnecting systems. But the industry spends so little on research, about one percent of total revenues, that the needed study of transmission techniques is laggard.

Moreover, the regulatory apparatus is antediluvian. If a company wants to build a coal-generating plant, it easily gets permission from state authorities; if it desires to construct a nuclear one, it must get approval from the Atomic Energy Commission. And should it want to build a hydroelectric project, the Federal Power Commission needs to decide. The positioning of transmission lines, in practice, is wholly unregulated, except when they pass over public lands when the Interior Department gets involved, or in a case when a line runs from the hydroelectric project to the utility's existing main line. Then the FPC can look into their positioning. But their placement seems to have precious little to do with town planning or protecting natural resources.

The absence of planning is the real difficulty in the Storm King case which the Federal Power Commission heard last week. Consolidated Edison of New York, which services New York City and suburbs, wants to build the world's largest pumped-storage hydroelectric project with a capacity of two million kilowatts on the face of Storm King Mountain, 50 miles from New York City on the west side of the Hudson River. The company claims it needs peaking power; that is, a sure supply of power at times when demand is heavy – in the evening when stoves, televisions and other appliances are on, and in the summer when air conditioners are hard at work.

Conservationists are fighting the project because they fear it will ruin a beautiful part of the Hudson River; a number of towns are protesting the planned construction of extra-high-voltage lines through their property because they are unsightly and threaten to reduce land values.

Storm King lies at the gateway to the Highlands of the Hudson, a point where the river snakes between 15 miles of rugged, wooded hills. Until rather recently the only important citizens consisted of a few enormously wealthy families who bought up great tracts of land during the first part of the century and built imitations of German castles on top of the hills. They are what remain of the great Eastern patrician families; these hills are their hangouts. The sons and daughters of their servants live in small towns along the river, and these are steadily being enlarged by New Yorkers, sick of the city and willing to brave an hour and a half commute to get into the country. Some towns were watering places during the revolution; others boomed on river traffic and grew when the railroads came through. In almost every one some small dilapidated industrial plant hangs over the waterfront. Only recently have the new residents given any serious thought to cleaning them up, getting about the business of building decent communities and making the most of the magnificent river setting.

It was precisely at the moment, when the movement to clean up the Highlands was beginning to meet with success, that Con Ed came in with its scheme. In carving out this masterpiece, the company promises to preserve the face of the mountain. A tunnel would be burrowed up behind its front and connected to an enlarged reservoir located well back atop Storm King. Water would be pumped out of the river into the reservoir, and during the hours of peak needs, it would be released in a rush, pouring down the tunnel to turn over the turbines that run the generators. The "project" transmission lines would be run underwater across the river, and from there overland to the New York City limits where they go underground again. The power plant itself, located at the base of the mountain, would be innocuous, hardly visible from across the river, and anyway, landscape experts had been hired to blend it into the natural scenery, or so the company says.

The project was opposed by conservationists on the grounds it was ruining the mountain, but also because they suspected this was but the beginning of a new era of industrialization. And they may be right, for now another power company has announced plans to build a similar project on the east side of the river. Moreover, there were specific questions, still to be adequately answered, about details of the Storm King project: whether for instance, the big pumps sucking

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

in water might not kill a lot of fish, and whether it is wise to haul up thousands of gallons of dirty Hudson River water into a reservoir where it might trickle out the bottom and into the drinking-water supplies of neighboring towns. Con Ed argues that these fears are groundless, that the hydroelectric project is a cheap, dependable source of electricity. It will help relieve coal-burning plants in New York which now are contributing to air pollution, it claims.

Before it moved ahead, the company apparently took advance steps of quieting Governor Rockefeller, just about the only politician who hasn't come out in opposition to the scheme. Next, the company sought to calm the citizens of Cornwall, the town where the plant was to be built. Here the seduction was pretty quick, and Mr. Raymond Bradford, the town attorney, happily described what a "bonanza" the project has turned out to be. Con Ed will give Cornwall a new water supply, a shorefront park made of the spoil from excavations, new roads, an expanded reservoir for boating and fishing. The project will result in higher land values, lower fire insurance rates (because of the new water system), added tax revenues for schools and more jobs. The town also hopes to get a ski slope and ski lift which will bring in some income, and to make money on tourists who flock to view the works. Indeed, Mr. Bradford left some of his listeners with the feeling that where they had started to oppose the defacement of a stone mountain, now they need protection against a little Coney Island.

The proposed power plant met with less enthusiasm in Philipstown, immediately across the river where the high voltage transmission lines would come up from beneath the water and run on big towers along paths carved out of the woods. Con Ed never told these people what it was up to; and one of them awoke at night to hear strange sounds, went outdoors and there came upon a team of surveyors. In going about their property, other people found little red markers describing the path to be taken. The town wants the lines underground; Con Ed says that is too expensive, but according to Edward Doyle, town attorney, it promises instead "to blend the high-power lines into the countryside with paint." This won't do, and Philipstown recently passed an ordinance forbidding the company to come through unless it goes underground.

A few miles inland and down river, Con Ed wants to run its new transmission lines alongside some already existing ones through the middle of the town of Yorktown, thereby cutting in half a proposed new school, forcing 68 families out of their homes, and displeasing quite a few others who will have the lines in their backyards. The town is vigorously protesting, and has passed laws forbidding Con Ed to widen its right of way. Here the unkindest stab of all was reserved for the Jefferson Valley Corporation, a building concern, which has plans for spending $50 million to construct a middle income new town. The plans are 10 years old, and originally were made known to Con Ed to prevent any difficulties, but that turned out to be of no avail for now Con Ed is going to mow right through the new town.

The FPC is going to puzzle all this out. It has inherited a chore which could only have been sensibly completed after spade work by the state of New York. Nobody knows what New York wants to make of the Hudson Highlands, or what land it wants to use for power corridors, or how it intends to relate such corridors to town and city planning. A major difficulty here is getting cable underground cheaply, and in this connection perhaps the FPC will explain how much research work Con Ed has done in this field, and whether its expenditures of $50,000 since 1954 are reasonable.

JAMES RIDGEWAY

PEACE CAN BE MAINTAINED IF THE US ACTS WISELY AND QUICKLY

New Riots in Panama?

Panama City

President Marco Robles took office October 1, promising to get the country moving, and his program is little short of revolutionary. But the problems of Panama verge on the insoluble. First there is the budget deficit, born of years of inadequate fiscal policy, mismanagement of public funds, official corruption and exacerbated by last January's riots which dislocated the private economy and placed inordinate demands upon the public sector. The Panamanian government faces some $22 million in immediate obligations and is virtually bankrupt. Unemployment, also chronic since the war, has become acute since the riots. About 20 percent of the work force is unemployed. Population grows at three percent annually, while the economy is growing

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

at between one-half and one percent. Panama is greatly underdeveloped.

To deal with these problems Robles has revised the tax structure and proposed an extensive development plan. "Botellas," individuals who go to their offices only to collect pay checks, have been weeded out of the various ministries, while Robles' appointments tend to prove the sincerity of his campaign pledge to forget politics and choose his administration on the bases of ability and honesty. A new tax structure – worked out with the help of American experts, which provides higher taxes for all but the lowest brackets – has been presented to the Assembly, and the Tax Office has been prodded to unaccustomed efforts to collect from powerful interests and individuals, for whom tax evasion has been traditional. The development plan, devised by Finance Minister David Samudio, calls for land reform, creation of new industry, and large-scale public works.

A central provision is the return to Panamanian control of port facilities and other parts of the Canal Zone not actually used for the operation and defense of the canal. Because of this provision and because the plan is to be financed in great measure through the Alliance for Progress, its efficacy depends on the US. Thus, despite strong nationalistic feeling among all classes of Panamanians, Robles is forced to look to Washington for help. And Washington seems disposed to help. Ambassador Jack Vaughn has endorsed the development plan. The matter of restoring portions of the Canal Zone to Panamanian control has not been mentioned but is presumably being considered at the treaty discussions now going on in Washington. Three long-term loans have been granted: $2.4 million for Robles' pet scheme for developing agriculture in the interior of the Republic, $2 million for feasibility studies for the plan, and $3.5 million for fiscal support and budgetary reform. Panama will receive $8 million in loans from the World Bank and a $1 million grant from the UN Special Fund, but Robles says he counts most heavily on continued US aid.

But US support may irritate as well as heal. In a very real sense January 9, 1964, was Panama's true Independence Day, for when rioters battled American police and soldiers along the Canal Zone border, Panamanian acceptance of semi-colonial relations with the US came to an end. The emotions originally generated by the flag issue have been focused on the treaties which define the status of the Canal Zone. The core of this treaty relationship, Article Three of the 1903 treaty, which grants the US *de facto* sovereignty over the Canal Zone in perpetuity, is outmoded and unacceptable to all Panamanians.

To be effective a new treaty must provide for the early return to Panama of full sovereignty over the Canal Zone and give Panama a voice in canal-toll policy. The best hope lies with the construction of a sea-level canal in the almost unpopulated Province of Darien. The need for a large US work force and colony would thus be eliminated while the lock canal, which will soon be obsolete, is replaced. At the moment there is little ferment over the treaty question because of the restraint of Robles, who is confident that the US will treat Panama's claims fairly and who is pursuing a policy of wait and see. But a settlement cannot be delayed for very long.

Robles, 59, comes from a prominent but far from wealthy family of the Panamanian interior. Although he studied in Paris and London and speaks good French and Spanish, he has no university degree. He came to prominence as Minister of Government in the last administration. His vigor and willingness to accept responsibility gained him the respect of the *Guardia Nacional*, Panama's armed forces, and he used troops effectively to clean up crime in Panama City and curtail Communist agitation among banana workers. He resigned his ministry six weeks before the riots to take the Liberal Party nomination for the Presidency, gaining the nomination chiefly because he appeared less radical a reformer than Samudio, the other potential candidate. He has, however, adopted most of Samudio's projects for reform and planned development, to the anger and dismay of his original backers.

Robles' virtues are honesty, determination and *machismo*, the blend of courage and virility so highly prized in Latin America. His defects are impatience, naïveté, and a tendency to oversimplify. He seems more adept at command than at political give and take. He has the full support of the *Guardia* and would probably rely on their rifles in any internal crisis. He may prove very difficult to deal with should he lose his conviction that the United States intends to revise canal treaties in Panama's favor.

Robles faces implacable political opposition from a third of the 42-seat National Assembly. In his inaugural address he advised the commercial ruling class to take a new attitude toward Panama and its people and promised a redistribution of the national wealth in favor of the masses. He also came out strongly against Communism and has dealt toughly with agitators and propagandists; nevertheless, the ruling class, who have always opposed strong executives who tamper with the *status quo*, remain his biggest worry. They supported him in the elections but are losing confidence in him as he moves to translate his reform slogans into reality. Pledged to renovate and keep order, Robles seems Panama's best chance, perhaps last chance, to develop peacefully. R. M. KOSTER

MR. KOSTER *is assistant director of the Florida State University Canal Zone Program and lives in Panama.*

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Subsidizing the States

by Edwin L. Dale, Jr.

If nothing else, the daring new plan for turning back automatically to the states a portion of each year's federal income tax collections is proving to be one of the most exciting ideas to hit Washington in years. It is stirring conversation and forcing open some minds that had been closed.

This will be a description of the plan as it now shapes up and its rationale, and a preliminary report on the state of play of the debate about it.

The idea itself, as is now known, is the brainchild of Walter Heller, the retiring chairman of the President's Council of Economic Advisers. Although he had mentioned it in speeches before the 1960 election, he did not spring his plan until this year because the state of the economy and of the nation's fiscal situation were not ripe for it earlier. The first move in a breakthrough toward a new fiscal policy had to be the massive tax cut, which was not enacted until last February.

As Mr. Heller conceives the plan, and as a special White House task force reportedly agrees, it would have four features.

A fixed portion of personal income tax collections would be set aside. The most probable formula is to set aside an amount equal to one percentage point of the tax rate, which would come to $2.5 billion now and more as incomes grow.

This money would be paid into a trust fund and thus be removed from budget receipts and expenditures.

It would be distributed to the states periodically for use in virtually any way they see fit. There might be a ban on using the funds for roads, but little else in the way of strings. The money would be in addition to the $10 billion at present distributed annually to the states for specific programs, most of which require matching grants.

Finally, the distribution would be on the basis of population. This would have a mild redistributive effect, with the richer states receiving a little less than their individual citizens had paid in tax and the poorer states a little more. But all state treasuries would be getting a hefty chunk of money that they do not now receive. The argument for the new plan is part economic, part philosophical, part pragmatic and part almost Machiavellian.

Edwin L. Dale, Jr. *covers mainly economic news in Washington, D.C., for* The New York Times.

The economic argument stems from the underlying view of the government's fiscal operations that has dominated the highly successful policy pursued thus far by the present Administration. Sometimes called the concept of the "full employment surplus," sometimes labeled "fiscal drag," the theory holds that the tendency of tax receipts to rise rapidly with economic growth has the effect of checking the growth or even bringing on recession – and hence curbing tax revenues and keeping the budget permanently in deficit. This, it is held, is what actually happened in the 1950's. Ironically, the way to prevent this result, with its consequence of chronic unemployment from slow growth, is to keep cutting taxes (or keep increasing government expenditures); the result will be faster economic growth and the budget will actually move toward balance faster than if tax rates were maintained.

The big tax cut earlier this year, based on this theory, handled the fiscal-drag problem for about 18 months. But the problem will start emerging again in the last half of next year as receipts soar by some $6 billion a year. Thus the need again arises of "giving away" some of this money to avert a check on economic growth and prosperity.

Some of it will be given away in excise tax cuts. Some will move into slightly higher government expenditures. But, starting in 1966, there will still remain a problem. At this point comes the argument for coping with the fiscal-drag problem by the device of an automatic turnback of funds to the states. The argument has several phases.

The most obvious point is, of course, that the nation's most pressing unmet needs, particularly in the field of education, are in areas that are financed at the state and local government level. It is as certain as anything can be in this world that the bulk of the $2.5 billion would in fact "spill out" into education, health and welfare, which already take three-fourths of state-local spending. Most legislatures are not unwilling to spend on education; their problem is revenues.

The next point is more subtle. Mr. Heller and his friends have, in a sense, sold their idea of fiscal drag too well. Many in Congress seem to have grasped the economic sense of avoiding a too-rapid move toward a budget surplus that would probably turn out to be a mirage because the economy slowed down. But of course the automatic temptation is to deal with this

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

problem by repeated income tax cuts – an idea that was even proposed by Barry Goldwater.

Those who back the new plan are firm believers in the need for a growing expenditure on the public sector in the United States. And they also recognize the progressive personal income tax for what it is – by far the fairest and most productive source of public revenue. And thus a major object of their philosophy is to preserve the federal income tax.

The new plan of distribution to the states would have the effect of reducing Congressional and Presidential temptation to cut the income tax because it would soak up some of the revenue growth. Mr. Heller and his friends are not opposed to any and all income tax reductions forever; they simply fear that this key tax might be reduced too much for the good of the public sector.

Obviously, the tax could be "saved" by absorbing the rapid growth of revenues in much higher federal government expenditures. But this is easier said than done. There is both Presidential and Congressional resistance to rapid increases in expenditure. Defense spending may actually decline over the years, making the "problem" worse.

Thus the safest course is seen in the plan for automatic distribution to the states. The money is almost sure to be spent, and spent in places where it is badly needed. And it has a "states rights" connotation. The plan can be called Machiavellian in the best sense – a shrewd device to accomplish the fundamental purposes of higher public expenditure and rapid economic growth by getting Presidents and Congresses to act against their instincts. It is even pointed out that if some states use the money to cut their own taxes instead of spending it, at least the taxes being cut will be relatively "regressive" sales and property taxes instead of the "progressive" federal income tax.

At this early stage, it appears that by far the weightiest argument against the plan, certainly from the liberal side, is that the federal government should insist on strings over the spending of the money. There is a deep distrust of state legislatures and there is a strong belief that much more could be accomplished in the public sector by an expansion of the present system of grants-in-aid tied to specific programs, currently ranging from public assistance to the building of hospitals.

In an ideal world, there is no logical answer to this contention. But in the real world – as demonstrated in the long and frustrating fight over general federal aid to education – there is a serious question whether even a liberal Congress would be willing to approve the really big expansion in grants-in-aid needed to do the trick. "It is the old story," says one proponent of the new plan, "of the best being the enemy of the good. We'll get a 90-percent 'yield' in results in the public sector from this plan. If we shoot for 100 percent through tied grants-in-aid, we'll get 100 percent in the programs approved but we'll only get half as much program. Which is better?"

From the conservative side there will come, of course, the fundamental objection that the public sector does not need expanding at all and that the income tax ought to be cut if the government has too much revenue. Some will even urge that the revenues be used to reduce the national debt, though of course the modern view is that this should be done only when the economy is at the overheating stage with inflationary pressure.

Finally, there may be an instinctive Congressional reaction against the plan on the familiar control-of-the-purse-string argument. Congress levies the taxes and it likes to supervise how the money is spent. This is tradition, perhaps, rather than pure logic in the present instance, but it could be a formidable obstacle.

Thus there is no assurance that this great innovation in American economic and political practice will ever become law. At this writing, there is not even assurance that President Johnson will make it a part of his program. But it is an idea that merits a careful look by any citizen worried about the problems of the public sector in the United States.

Total state expenditures for both education and highways, the biggest items in most state budgets, nearly tripled between 1950 and 1961. In the same period welfare expenditures increased more than 50 percent and expenditures for health and hospitals more than doubled. Rising education costs and mass transit and urban renewal problems suggest the states will be called on to go on spending at increasing rates, but the states are finding it more and more difficult to find the money themselves, as there is growing resistance to state income taxes and the state governments shrink from taxing businesses because the states compete with one another in attempting to attract industries. Sales taxes have a tacit five-percent ceiling on them and heads are continually threatening to bump up against it. Total state debt was almost four times as large in 1961 as in 1950. Meanwhile, the federal contribution to state revenues has risen from 12 percent in 1942 to 20 percent. Federal grants, administered by 10 executive departments and agencies, and spread over nearly 70 different programs, now total about $10 billion.

THE EDITORS

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Picking Up the Pieces

by John Wain

Mr. Connolly has consistently seen himself, and consistently presented himself to the public, not merely as a writer but as a phenomenon, a "case." It is the function of the "case" to raise interesting general questions, and one of the questions raised by the Connolly case is that of the whole status of newspaper criticism in our time. As the Press, even the serious Press, has become steadily more trivialized, the space allotted to literary criticism has been cut back and back, so that even an important book nowadays receives fewer and shorter reviews than many an insignificant book of thirty years ago. A small number of serious papers, generally weeklies, monthlies or quarterlies, have reacted against this by allotting very generous space to a few selected books, and the more dedicated critics have tended to gravitate toward the longer article. This doesn't mean that one cannot do good work in the eight hundred words commonly allowed by papers such as the one Mr. Connolly usually writes for; what it means is that these shorter reviews are useful to the critic mainly for recording his interim impressions, for building up towards more solid studies, or for indicating the direction in which his thoughts are turning. Eight hundred or a thousand words, destined to be read over breakfast by dressing-gowned citizenry on Sunday morning and junked on Monday, can be written with some useful objectives in view, but permanence is not one of them.

Previous Convictions
Selected Writings of a Decade
by Cyril Connolly
(Harper & Row; $5.95)

Mr. Connolly, however, persists in thinking otherwise. Most of his collections of essays consist of just these short, fragmentary reviews, which set off hopefully towards the discussion of some large topic but trip, after a few steps, over the uncompromising curbstone of the book that has to be reviewed. The result, when one reads a whole bookful of them, is distressingly claustrophobic, like watching a powerful circus horse gallop round and round a very small ring. And yet – the question is bound to arise – why doesn't the horse break out of the ring and take the freedom of the open plains? Can it be that he has come to prefer being cramped?

In the Introduction to his new collection Mr. Connolly deals with this question, but not, it must be admitted, very satisfactorily. "My last two books of collected essays are both out of print," he confides plangently; "I really don't know why one goes on." The reader unversed in the ways of the literary world would hardly gather from this that Mr. Connolly was far and away the craftiest living exponent of the art of prolonging the life of fragmentary journalism. If he writes an article that meets with his own approval he generally manages to keep it before the public for year after year. *The Condemned Playground*, for example, came out in 1945 and creamed the reviews he had published since 1927; this selection was creamed again and the thirteen fattest reprinted in a widely-diffused American paperback, with *Enemies of Promise* and some later pieces, fifteen years later; and now, four years later again, the new hardcover book contains seven or eight essays which first appeared in the paperback. So that anyone who buys all Mr Connolly's collections has to go on reading certain pieces over and over again, in addition to having read most of them in the pages of newspapers and magazines. This wouldn't matter

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

if the pieces themselves were more substantial. But the form of the 800-word review is as merciless as that of the *haiku*. First, a nod in the direction of the book ("Merovingian drinking-horns are among the most useful reminders of a vanished era, and Mr. Bloggs is their ideal *entrepreneur*"), then a scatter of epigrams, bringing a number of unrelated aperçus into something like unity – sufficiently like one, at any rate, to pass muster on a Sunday morning.

We all do it, those of us who write 800-word reviews. The really fatal thing, the constant incitement to shallowness and silliness, is the fact that we know we shall be read by a large number of people who have no interest in the book under review, who don't care what we think about it, but who glance through our article in search of momentary interest and amusement. It is the presence of this large, distraction-hungry but fundamentally uninterested audience that makes the average weekly reviewer such a tedious show-off, dressing up platitudes in fire-new metaphors or coming out with half-truths destined to tickle the jaded mind. Mr. Connolly has a fatal gift for both these categories, especially the second:

"London is the capital of prose, as Paris of art or New York of modern living and most of this good prose is concerned with dandies or with slums or fog."

It's good stuff to read on a Sunday morning while waiting for the pubs to open. But in hard covers?

Then there is that pitfall of condemned literary journalism, the attempt to discuss a big subject in a few sentences, followed immediately by the chill realization that it can't be done, and then by the lapse into platitude and evasion. Here is Mr. Connolly on Dylan Thomas:

> "Of course, his detractors are right in that some of his poetry is merely surrealist and consists of heavily flogged imagery which belies all meaning – but despite this he was a genius and when he could weld his own backward-looking religious and romantic sensibility into the new forms he desired, he created a new poetry: as Hugo said of Baudelaire, a 'frisson nouveau'."

I am sure there is a real response to Thomas's poetry somewhere behind those lines, but the passage itself is simply too vague and unspecific to be of any use. What is "mere" surrealism? Is the injection of surrealism in Thomas's youthful poetry no more than a hampering alien element? In what sense was Thomas's sensibility "romantic?" In the same way as Baudelaire's? Is that, perhaps, the point of the comparison with Baudelaire? Or is it the "newness" of Thomas's forms that links him with Baudelaire? – and how new were *they*, with their affinities with classical Welsh prosody, with 17th-Century English lyric meters, and with the great Romantic odes? Mr. Connolly has, I am sure, his own answers to these questions. And if the book page of a Sunday newspaper doesn't give space enough to go into more rewarding detail, what's wrong with expanding the article a little when putting it into hard covers?

The fact is, I am afraid, that the cramped conditions of modern newspaper criticism make it impossible for even so good a critic as Mr. Connolly to do consistently satisfactory work, solid enough to stand up in book form. "We like to get the best of our ephemeral criticism between hard covers," Mr. Connolly explains, "where it can be perpetuated a little longer." Is this irony or just bad writing? Something kept alive "a little longer" can't be said to be "perpetuated." It's like asking for another few days of immortality. No, the only thing to do is to admit that there has been a disaster, that a fine critic has been disastrously hampered by social and economic conditions which have provided a shelter and excuse for his own self-destructive tendencies – and then to pick up the pieces.

As we all know, there are some very good pieces. Mr. Connolly, like all old hands, is cunning at getting for review the books that interest him – those dealing with subjects with which he has grown to feel at ease over the years. Responsive to landscape, to certain European cities, to the Mediterranean, to animals, including fish and reptiles; a collector of *objets d'art*, knowledgeable about furniture and architecture; at home in certain favorite periods of the past, uneasily responsive to much in the present, Mr. Connolly is ideally equipped to be the observant amateur. It is impossible to imagine him writing an authoritative study of anything, but he has the sensibility and the knowledge to read the authoritative studies and put in a remark here and there which goes to the heart of the subject.

Examples are easy to find. On the 18th Century:

> "When we analyze the appeal of the 18th Century, it is based not on such luxury or fantasy or ceremony as the age possessed but on simplicity. It was a small world with fewer people and they with a nicer sense of their human importance and with more clean-cut emotions. We seek it out for its life-giving properties and these are to be found not in externals but in conversation, in love, in affection, in adventure."

On modern patronage:

> "Rogers, in fact, was the prototype of the modern patron, of the small, neat, frugal millionaires who compete with their *protégés*, who try to paint instead of getting someone to paint them, who privately print their own works, who pick brains for ballets, lend cottages to poets and then

Coming in December

Francis Biddle
on the Holmes-Einstein correspondence

Robert Brustein
on Jean Genet

Stanley Kauffmann
on R. K. Narayan

Stanley Kunitz
on the Poetry of Roethke

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

sue them for the telephone bill and who encourage talent in order to devour it."

And always there is that gift for annihilating satirical parody (his destruction of the prose style of Hugh Kenner's book on Eliot is convincing and final) and that other, related, gift for pinning down the aesthetic qualities of some writer in a swift phrase that goes straight to the bull's-eye and comes back to our minds whenever we read that writer henceforth:

"The persistent quality of Huysman's work is . . . a taste of generous vinegar."

With this equipment, Mr. Connolly happily enters once more the pastures he has found most green. Virtually all these essays deal with topics he has discussed many times. Europe, travel, eating in restaurants, London life, animals; French literature, particularly of that period when the French were inventing modern literature and setting the standards for a hundred years of work by the writers of every other nation; the Latin classics; the English 18th Century, especially as expressed in its biographies, memoirs and lighter literature; and – with perhaps the keenest appetite of all – those English, American and Irish writers who represented the modern art of letters when he was a young man and whose work therefore carries the freshness of his own youth. The best piece in the the book, a sixteen-page essay on "The Breakthrough in Modern Verse," contains excellent criticism of Pound and Eliot in the crucial early years of their creativity. More densely written than most of the other essays, it is dominated by an evident wish to set the record straight, to provide both historical fact and aesthetic appreciation: it shows Mr. Connolly at his best, and the tragedy is that his best is so rarely on show.

Who Will Run Your Nervous System?

by Alan Watts

LSD-25 is a chemical which, even in minute doses, brings about marked changes in consciousness. That is to say, it alters the way in which our senses screen their information, and the way in which our thoughts and feelings interpret it. It is thus a "mind-opener" which may be used in varying ways, much as a telescope may be used to look at the stars, to identify distant ships, to sight artillery, or to watch the girl in the house across the street. Perhaps the most startling use of this chemical (and of others related to it) is that it can be an avenue to mystical experience – to that particular transformation of consciousness in which the individual knows himself to be one with the entire universe, with Being itself, with God, or with whatever the ultimate reality may be called. Thousands of people have heard of this experience and want it beyond anything else. In times past they have been willing to undergo the most arduous disciplines of mind and senses to attain it. It is the life-goal of every intelligent Hindu and Buddhist. But there has always been a conflict between those who play fair by getting it the hard way, and those who supposedly cheat by using "drugs" which afford a back-entrance short-cut into the Holy of Holies.

The Beyond Within: The LSD Story
by Sidney Cohen, MD
Foreword by Gardner Murphy
(Atheneum; $5)

This very ancient problem now arises in a new guise. For today the official and powerful guardians of salvation (*i.e.*, sanity) are not priests but psychiatrists – since "insanity" has become the new name for sin or heresy, together with such milder forms of the brand as "neurotic," "disturbed," "deviant," and "maladjusted." Any back-entrance to the psychiatric *summum bonum* (integration, peak-experience, total functioning, etc.) is therefore as repugnant to official psychiatry as it was to any orthodox priesthood in the past. Perhaps psychiatrists and priests, because of their long training, know best. Perhaps these "short cuts" are pernicious or diabolical counterfeits of the Beatific Vision. Perhaps, too, the priests and psychiatrists are the masters of obsolete disciplines, vestedly opposed to any salvation that does not involve either a religious commitment or at least five years of therapy at fifty dollars a week.

Whatever the right answers to these questions, the discussion of and pursuit of research with psychedelic (*i.e.*, mind-opening) chemicals is virtually taboo in "sound" psychiatric circles. Furthermore, the regulations of the Federal Drug Administration in respect to new and experimental drugs confine work with psychedelics on human beings to hospital and clinical environments so uncongenial to most people that experimentation is almost bound to show that LSD gives nothing but hallucinations and horrors. For the attitude of the investigator and the setting or context of the experiment make vast differences in the state of consciousness induced by chemicals of this kind. Although the major psychedelics – LSD, mescaline, psilocybin, marijuana, or hashish – are not technically narcotic or physically addictive drugs (like heroin and alcohol), they are therefore all the more suspect in a culture which holds that there is no pleasure without punishment. Serious investigation of their use stands where Freud and hypnosis stood in 1900. As always, the taboo has generated an underground, and considerable amounts of bathtub LSD are now in circulation among artists and intellectuals in this country.

But as "there are priests and priests," there are psychiatrists and psychiatrists. Sidney Cohen has rather more than all the qualifications for an officially acceptable investigator. Trained at Bonn and Columbia, he has been for some years chief of psychosomatic medicine at the VA Hospital in Los Angeles. He and his colleague, Keith Ditman, have probably done more careful and properly controlled experimentation with LSD than anyone else in the world, though there are some close seconds. Thus if anyone can speak with

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

authority about LSD, it is Cohen. He has also the gift, in the medical world, of being able to write excellent, readable and sometimes beautiful English.

From this background comes a sober, fair, cautious, and constructive book which should be studied by everyone interested in psychedelics, for the cooling down of tempers and opposed fanaticisms. He feels that clear-headed research with LSD contains immense possibilities for our understanding of neurology, of the creative process, and even of the physical world as a whole, and may therefore, under proper controls, be a most valuable tool for artists and philosophers, scientists and theologians. He is rather less enthusiastic as to its value in psychotherapy, his view being in sum that it is a most useful aid to the highly competent and emotionally stable therapist, but downright dangerous in the hands of those who do therapy to boost their own otherwise quaking and shuddering egos. He quotes a comprehensive sampling of reports on the LSD experience, in a spectrum varying from the Beatific Vision to the horrors of hell. He surveys medical statistics based on 25,000 experiments with some 5,000 subjects, showing that prolonged "psychotic" effects occurred only in one out of 550 patients given LSD for therapy; that attempted suicides were one in 830, and actual suicide one in 2,500, though there was no sure way of establishing a connection between the suicide and the drug. On the other hand, he shows that dangerous consequences have been much more frequent among people taking psychedelics in immoderate quantities and under incompetent supervision. . . . In short, like so many good things – fire, electricity, steel, aspirin, airplanes, and life itself – LSD is not safe in the hands of fools.

Yet, when it comes to LSD and other methods of controlling or changing consciousness, who is wise? Few people are yet aware that one of the trickiest issues of the future – along with population control, atomic power, and the rest – is the problem of *neuropolitics*. By chemical, electrical, and other methods it will soon be possible to control the nervous system more effectively than ever, and this will put us in sight of being able to mold human character and emotion. And what types of character, and what emotions ought to be cultivated? What people will be cultivated, and who will be allowed to remain uncultivated? Dr. Rene Dubose has pointed out that even when we can produce personality-type on demand, we shall never be able to predict what personality-types will be needed to meet changing conditions of life.

Understandably, Dr. Cohen is firmly of the opinion that the use of LSD should be supervised by psychiatrists, for, as things now stand, this is probably the only acceptable control – if psychedelics are to be permitted at all. But, looking into the whole future of neuropolitics, what authority is vested in psychiatry or psychiatric training to decide upon such a biological, moral, sociological, and even metaphysical problem as the future transformation of personality? Would any other profession do better? Lawyers? Social psychologists? Anthropologists? Ministers of religion? We know all too well what the last-named did in the days when heresy was felt to be the ultimate peril. That is one reason why freedom of worship is a basic principle of our constitution.

We will probably have to recognize that the transformation of consciousness and personality, whether by Yoga or LSD, is basically a religious problem, entitled to the same constitutional protection as freedom of worship. Our difficulty in accepting this is the inability to see that LSD enthusiasts stand today where Quakers and Presbyterians stood in the 17th Century, when they were regarded as perverts and lunatics and public menaces. I am sure that there were those who become psychotic and even suicidal from having flouted Authority so flagrantly as to become a Quaker.

The gamble is that the large variety of personality-types that individuals will choose, when left to themselves, is more viable, more adjustable to the unknown future, than the cultivation of one or more "ideal" types under the direction of psychiatrists or any other breed of expert. Basic to democracy is the principle that the expert must be on tap, not on top.

In the end, we shall doubtless have to regulate the psychedelics as we regulate such other dangers as alcohol, automobiles, and firearms – with liberal licensing and strict rules of use. Too many people have become interested in these chemicals to keep them suppressed much longer, and by now we should have learned that prohibition simply passes their control to criminals and incompetent manufacturers, and their use is forced into clandestine circumstances where the psychiatrist and the minister cannot even be asked to advise.

The Young Man of the Sonnets

by Paul Murray Kendall

Critics explore the imagery, versification, ambiguity, Petrarchan elements of Shakespeare's *Sonnets* in efforts to understand a love-poem that – whether because of guarded allusions or luxuriant obliquities – is often elusive, not infrequently enigmatic, and sometimes unintelligible. Readers of poetry are usually content to single out for their enjoyment such poignantly lovely favorites as "When to the sessions," "Shall I compare thee," "Two loves I have."

Mr. W. H.
by Leslie Hotson
(Knopf; $6.95)

But for numerous scholars, these last 175 years, the *Sonnets* have meant something quite different: a hieroglyphic record of Shakespeare's personal life demanding to be deciphered. In this arena of controversy the poetry has been lost in the puzzle; and there has been waged a battle of autobiographical autopsies that prompted E. K. Chambers to declare a generation ago, "More folly has been written about the sonnets than about any other Shakespearean topic."

It is not surprising that, on this 400th

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

anniversary of Shakespeare's birth, three eminent scholars – Dr. A. L. Rowse, the historian, in his biography of Shakespeare, Dr. J. Dover Wilson, in a separately published introduction to the *Sonnets* subtitled "for Historians and Others," and now that prince of Elizabethan literary investigators, Dr. Leslie Hotson in *Mr. W. H.* – have sought to establish "once for all" (a favorite phrase) their versions of Shakespeare's long-hidden secret.

These three answers to the riddle of the *Sonnets* are entirely different and equally scornful of all other solutions; but, as might be expected, Dr. Hotson's is the most dramatically argued, the most brilliant in its research-legerdemain, and by far the most startling – in fact, unique – in its conclusions. After all, it is he who dug out the true circumstances of Marlowe's death, recovered Shelley's correspondence, enlarged our knowledge of Shakespeare's personal world, and fluttered the dovecotes of scholarship with a new view of Elizabethan staging.

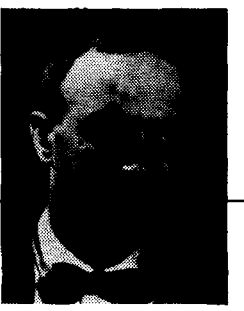
In 1609, the publisher Thomas Thorpe issued a quarto of 154 sonnets "by William Shake-speare" with a maddeningly arch dedication: "To the only begetter of these ensuing sonnets, Mr. W. H., all happiness and that eternity promised by our ever-living poet wisheth the well-wishing adventurer in setting forth, T.T." There was no call, so far as we know, for a second edition. A generation later, 1639, the publisher John Benson, pirating Thorpe's piracy (?), thickened the mystery by rearrangements and fabrications. The 18th Century reprinted Thorpe or Benson without falling a victim to biographical yearnings; but once Schlegel, in Germany, and Wordsworth had proclaimed that "with this key, Shakespeare unlocked his heart" (1827), the hunt burst into full cry – despite Browning's "If so, the less Shakespeare he!" – and has never slackened its pursuit.

Sonnets 1-126 (or most of them) appear to depict Shakespeare's ardent relationship (usually considered, today, to be passionate but not homosexual) with a youth of beauty, wealth, and station, the "fair-friend"; while 127-154 (or some of them) spring from his frustrating sexual involvement with a faithless Dark Lady. This *historie de coeur* is complicated by three subsidiary themes: the friend thoughtlessly appropriates, or succumbs to, the poet's mistress, usually identified with the Dark Lady of the later sonnets; the friend is also pursued, as a patron, by a Rival Poet; and a scattering of sonnets (notably 107, 123, 124) apparently establish shadowy contact with events in the world outside this private matrix of emotions.

Candidates for the friend have included a sea-going cook named William Hughes and abstractions like Celestial Wisdom; Mr. W. H. has been translated into William Himself; the chief singers of the age from Spenser to Ben Jonson, as well as a galaxy of nonentities, have figured as the Rival Poet; the Dark Lady, more difficult, is variously described as a denizen of the royal court, a citizen's wife, a prostitute; the composition of the sonnets has been scattered over a span of years from 1587 to 1606. Anti-Shakespeareans, of course, bring home their Bacon.

Until the appearance of *Mr. W. H.*, scholars who did not remain prudently agnostic usually plumped for Henry Wriothesley, Earl of Southampton (the choice of A. L. Rowse), to whom Shakespeare dedicated *Venus and Adonis*, 1593, and *The Rape of Lucrece*, 1594, and whose stepfather, Sir William Hervey, might have delivered the manuscript to Thorpe; or for William Herbert, Earl of Pembroke (Dover Wilson's candidate), to whom – along with his brother – the First Folio of 1623 was dedicated. Southamptonites locate the composition of the sonnets in the mid-1590's, whereas Pembrokians, since Herbert was seven years younger than Southampton, push it into the 17th Century.

Dr. Hotson, however, announces a radically early date, 1587-89, and unveils as the friend a completely dark horse, one William Hatcliffe, of Cambridge and Gray's Inn, born four years later than Shakespeare. Hotson's method of proceeding is as original as his selection of hero, for he frequently transforms what most scholars have



"O rare

MILTON MAYER

...His agile mind ranges far and wide: life in Moscow, Christ under Communism, the Army, social injustices, pacifism, dangerous men, and more (including a delightful essay on 'Bed'). Written with insight, intelligence, and intense feeling wed to a splendid style, this is a volume which will charm and annoy, delight and stir up....Highly recommended."—*Library Journal*

"I assume that when you read a book you have no objection to its being brilliantly written, provocative, extremely amusing, sardonic, sensitive, rebellious, and highly individual in approach. This being the case, it is a privilege to recommend *What Can a Man Do?*" —*Chicago Tribune*

WHAT CAN A MAN DO?

A collection of Milton Mayer's most challenging essays, many of which originally appeared in *The Progressive*. Edited by W. Eric Gustafson, with a Foreword by Pastor Martin Niemöller.

$5.00

UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO PRESS
Chicago and London

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

taken to be figurative into literal statement, and literal into figurative.

He begins by arguing, first, that the "kingly" metaphors referring to the friend are to be taken seriously; and second, that since no king was then reigning in England the friend must be a *temporary* prince of some sort. He then sets about finding the date of composition, and thus of the friendship, using several of the "topical" sonnets but particularly 107:

> The mortal moon hath her eclipse endured,
> And the sad augures mock their own presage.
> Incertainties now crown themselves assured,
> And peace proclaims olives of endless age.

Rowse the Southamptonite declares that the "mortal moon" line indubitably refers to Queen Elizabeth's escape from death in the Lopez conspiracy, early in 1594; Wilson the Pembrokian avers that it means, as "has always been obvious to readers of common sense," the death of Queen Elizabeth in March of 1603. Hotson's celebrated interpretation, first put forward 15 years ago, identifies "mortal moon" with the crescent-shaped Spanish Armada and the false auguries with prophecies depicting 1588 as a year of doom.

Having thus dated the sonnets 1587-89, Hotson looks for a temporary prince of those years and finds William Hatcliffe, chosen Prince of Purpoole, or King of the Christmas Revels, at Gray's Inn for 1587-88. The immediate problem posed by the first 17 sonnets, in which Shakespeare urges a young man of birth to marry in order to propagate his beauty and his line, Hotson lithely takes in stride by insisting that they are figurative exercises, that Shakespeare, joining in the Gray's Inn game, addresses them, as a "subject" anxious about the succession, to his "sovereign."

Then turning to the "world renowned Shakespearean puzzle" of the dedication, Hotson produces a formula for rearranging Thorpe's lines – the "scheme is plainly of the simplest" – so that they yield what nobody has ever been able to find in them before, "Mr. W. Hatliv" (Hatcliffe's name being variously spelled at the time Hatliff, Hatlyffe, etc.). But Thorpe's cleverness, we find, is but an echo of Shakespeare's; for the bard manages some forty times to insert the friend's name into his poetic fabric: wHAT, tHAT or HATh are followed, sometimes at the distance of a line or two, by LEAVE, LIVE, LIFE, LEFt, etc.

Since the Dark Lady is called "bright" and the sonnets, not surprisingly, contain numerous references to eyes, Hotson deduces that she is named Lucy (Lucy: bright; and St. Lucy: plucked out her eyes) and finds a "Luce Morgan," attendant on the Queen in 1581-82, whom he identifies with a "Luce Morgan," mentioned in 1600 as a bawd incarcerated in Bridewell, and, apparently, with the "Lucy Negro," prostitute, favored by G. B. Harrison. As for the Rival Poet, the very early dating of the *Sonnets* establishes Marlowe in that role – probably Hotson's least questionable identification.

Baldly set forth here, the case is not so convincing as in Leslie Hotson's persuasive proliferations. For example, the linking of sonnet 107 with 1588 is seriously open to question, as, for that matter, is Wilson's dating of 1603. Both require the word *endured* to mean experienced or suffered, whereas Shakespeare and other Elizabethans regularly use it to mean outlasted, survived; and the context of the sonnet alone indicates that, like the other false predictions, the eclipse of the "mortal moon" is not fatal. The line therefore can hardly refer either to the death of the Queen or to the destruction of the Armada.

There is not the slightest historical evidence that Shakespeare ever made the acquaintance of William Hatcliffe or that, as Hotson is driven to assume, he was known in London as early as 1586 as a "rising poet-player": the first mention of him in the theater, six years later (1592), suggests that he is a pushing *newcomer*, "upstart crow."

That Hatcliffe, aged 19 in 1589, would be called by Shakespeare "my lovely boy" (126) (Hotson himself elsewhere emphasizes the early maturing of the Elizabethans); that the name of the fleeting Prince of Purpoole at Gray's in '87-'88 would be "ordinary common knowledge" to Shakespeare's readers in 1609, as Hotson insistently reiterates (if so, why Thorpe's and Shakespeare's mystifications?); that the Rival Poet's "affable familiar spirit" first yields Robin Goodfellow (not usually affable and hardly a familiar spirit) and thus Marlowe's crony Robin-Robert Greene – such representative elements of Hotson's argument are somewhat less than convincing.

As for the word-conjuring which discloses "W. Hatliv" in Thorpe's lines and LEFt . . . tHAT in the sonnets, it is all too easy to devise a formula to produce "W. Herbert" from the dedication, and, in any case, the method is painfully reminiscent of an anti-Shakespearean piece of cryptography which, extracting from "Mr. W. H." the Greek word for swine, proved the authorship of Francis Bacon.

Yet Dr. Hotson still works his magic as a literary sleuth – a title he would apparently approve, for he cites the methods of Scotland Yard and happily quotes the Master, Sherlock Holmes. Trailing Hatcliffe's spoor through documents none understands better than he, our Wizard of the Records recreates an Elizabethan life hitherto unknown to us; he brings before our eyes the University days of the '80s and the pomps of Christmas at the Inns of Court; and he turns up all kinds of fascinating titbits, including the fact that Thorpe's nickname was "Odd." He stages his "discovery" like the drama that it is and writes with infectious exuberance.

Indeed, his pursuit of clues is so tenacious, his parade of evidence so elaborate, his exhibition of correspondences between Hatcliffe's life and the sonnets so intricate and minute that the dazzled reader is sometimes blinded rather than enlightened. Hatcliffe's escutcheon – three silver quatrefoils (primroses: "true loves") – accounts for the Elizabethan form of the sonnet which Shakespeare uses, three quatrains (the couplet an additive); as the individuality of primrose petals is figured in the high percentage of end-stopped lines. The colors of the Hatcliffe crest and shield (white: fair; blue: true; red: kind) are emblematically signalled throughout the sonnets: "Fair, kind, and true is all my argu-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ment" (105). Hotson goes so far as to propose that sonnet 143, with its marvelously tender, self-mocking, and homely metaphor of the goodwife setting down her babe to chase one of her chickens, plays upon the fact that Hatcliffe's Cambridge college, Jesus, had as its emblem a cock. And Hatcliffe's escutcheon is likewise made to explain why Pompey and Hercules as a Child are included among the Nine Worthies in *Love's Labor's Lost*.

This comes perilously close to ingenuity run wild, or bolting into curious antiquarianism. The researcher to whom we owe so much has lost none of his cunning; the vigorous writer, none of his zest; but the scholar appears, at moments, to have hypnotized himself by his own powers.

William Hatcliffe may be the man; he will certainly have to be reckoned with. But for most lovers of the sonnets, perhaps, *any* identification of the friend – instead of throwing "a flood of light" upon the poetry as Rowse and Hotson claim – is both irrelevant and intrusive; and the notion that Shakespeare tailored his lines to word-schemes, emblem-schemes, color-schemes, may capture an Elizabethan but it diminishes an artist.

The President and his Power

by Gerald W. Johnson

A more-than-60-percent majority of the American voters have decided that Lyndon Johnson is to be President, but what he or any President is to be is utterly beyond their power to determine, largely beyond the power of the elected person, and to an appreciable extent beyond that of anyone else, unless one personalizes blind Chance.

The name of the President is inconsequential; if he has the will and the

The Chief Executive
by Louis W. Koenig
(Harcourt, Brace & World; $9.50)

ability to discharge the duties of his office, his name may be Legion or Mud without affecting the general welfare. Experience with 35 individuals indicates that the will is usually present, but that the ability is never complete and is impressive in roughly one-fifth of the cases; being neutralized in another fifth by avoidable handicaps laid upon the Presidency.

These are inferences, over-simplified perhaps, to be drawn from Professor Koenig's study of the office, a study which, if it does not actually displace, certainly challenges the work of Wilson, Bryce, Laski, Corwin and all the other analysts of the Presidency. It does not follow that Koenig is the ablest of our political philosophers; but he is able and he enjoys the advantage of having more and more significant data than were available to any of his predecessors. It is probable, therefore, that for some time his book will be dominant in the field.

Koenig advocates a strong Presidency, which puts him in line with contemporary fashion. It may be plausibly argued that it puts him line with all American history, for cursory examination of the opposing theory shows that it has been based far less on hatred of a strong Presidency than on hatred of a strong Truman, or a strong Roosevelt, or Lincoln, or Jackson, or Jefferson. Perhaps the sincerest skeptic was, ironically, one of the strongest Presidents – Jefferson, who feared that Washington's virtues might prove his country's ruin by making the Presidency too strong. Incidentally, Koenig's rapid but luminous account of Washington's establishment of the psychological, rather than the legal status of the Presidency is one of the most attractive features of his book.

For the rest, the volume is a lucidly written, stoutly documented, and forceful presentation of the disabilities of the office. It may be admitted at once that it ranks among the strongest arguments in support of a particular school of thought. If it is to be attacked successfully the attack must be aimed at its thesis, not at the superstructure.

That thesis is that the doctrine of

46 Leading Intellectuals Discuss

THE MEANING OF THE LIFE AND DEATH OF JOHN F. KENNEDY

In a Special Issue of

Current

Yours FREE With Your

HALF-PRICE

Trial Subscription

MAXIMUM INFORMATION IN MINIMUM TIME

From hundreds of important periodicals, books, scholarly journals, government and foundation reports CURRENT Magazine extracts and reprints the fresh ideas . . . the new knowledge . . . the lucid interpretations concerning the vital issues of the day—and presents them to you in a unified, organized pattern. Each month you get a maximum of significant information in a minimum of time.

HIGH PRAISE FROM DISTINGUISHED READERS

"Current fills a vital part of the 'information gap' which constitutes such a grave weakness in our democratic system."
Chester Bowles

"Current is indispensable to a busy man who is interested in the very newest writing about society and its problems."
Paul G. Hoffman

"Current is unique in its coverage of contemporary ideas and issues."
John W. Gardner

"I am constantly delighted with the magazine, which performs its role with exceptional discernment and intelligence."
August Heckscher

"An absolutely essential service for all of us who are concerned about public affairs."
Mark Ethridge

▼ MAIL THIS COUPON TODAY ▼

CURRENT, Dept. N-6 505 Madison Ave.
New York, N. Y. 10021

Please send me the next 6 months of Current for $2.00 (regular rate $8 per year) plus the special FREE issue on President Kennedy.

☐ $2.00 Enclosed ☐ Bill me

NAME.....

ADDRESS.....

CITY.....ZONE.....STATE.....

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

checks and balances is essentially fallacious. This implies that Madison's exposition of the nature of political power in *Federalist* papers 10 and 51 is psychologically unsound, which is a pretty strong assumption. Mr. Koenig complains bitterly of the ambiguities and lacunae in the Constitution, roundly imputing them to error. Some – as, for instance, failure to provide for the eradication of slavery – are attributable to the error of submitting to blackmail, but some were a wise recognition of the flux of time and circumstances and if they now give trouble the fault may be with the contemporary generation's lack of wisdom to avail itself of the opportunities that the Founding Fathers left open.

Curiously, Mr. Koenig makes only slight and oblique reference to what some contemporary writers regard as an undeniable error. Misled by Locke and Montesquieu, the Fathers failed to realize that in government the power of the initiative ranks with the powers of the legislative, executive and judiciary; so they bestowed it nowhere and the Presidency gradually assumed it. Assumption is not usurpation, but the result is that regardless of theory, the President today legislates and Congress assents or vetoes.

Yet while Mr. Koenig's plain belief that the cure of our political maladies involves a radical reconstruction of the whole governmental system may be open to question, certain palliatives that he recommends are obviously desirable. Most of them, indeed, have been repeatedly urged by commissions appointed by various Presidents. The beginning of a new Administration is obviously an appropriate time for voters to give serious attention to these things.

The most urgently needed is the item veto, that would enable the President to strike down an irrelevant rider attached to a necessary bill. This is the device by which Congress most often invades the field of executive power.

A second is renovation of the antiquated Congressional machinery, but as this is the device by which mediocrity clings to power it is not competent to exercise; it will never be abandoned except under tremendous pressure from public opinion. A third is a very considerable tightening of party discipline. Carried to excess this could, of course, reduce Congress to the sort of automaton that the British House of Commons is today; but American parties would have to go a long way before they reached that point, while the present complete absence of discipline leads to minority rule.

The greatest, the most needed, and far the most difficult of all political reforms is, however, none of these, but correction of the cultural lag that leaves American political thinking years, sometimes generations, behind political fact. The urbanization of the country has invalidated many of the assumptions on which earlier generations acted with success; but those assumptions are still held in rural regions almost denuded of population – our American Rotten Boroughs.

At this point Mr. Koenig grows rather more, instead of rather less cheerful than the general run of commentators. He thinks that the judiciary may do much toward closing the gap between tradition and truth. The Supreme Court's doctrine of "one man, one vote," with its implication that all votes, like all men, are by creation equal, may eventually increase the President's power because the city man needs more government services than the country man.

Mr. Koenig devotes his last chapter to a comparison of the Presidency with its analogues in other countries, and it comes out pretty well. There he runs upon the rock on which all radical reform schemes thus far have split. The head of the state in this country cannot operate with maximum efficiency because he is handicapped by many foolish and some evil restrictions that in time may ruin the republic. The Presidency is not a well-designed office; in fact, to adapt Churchill's comment on democracy, all that can be said in its favor is that every alternative thus far proposed is worse.

How To Make Things

by Victor Lange

Arthur Koestler's learned, ingenious, amusing and altogether remarkably stimulating study undertakes to examine the known elements that come together in the "act of creation." It is directed at "anybody interested in artistic and scientific creativity, how the mind of genius works, how the great discoveries are made." What Koestler first outlined in an essay published in 1949 under the somewhat precious title *Insight and Outlook* is now, in more than 700 pages, developed at a pace that is so deliberate and leisurely that it will seem ponderous to many readers. But the forbidding bulk of the book should not discourage anyone: it is written with admirable skill and a shrewd instinct for the strategic use of narrative and anecdote.

The Act of Creation
by Arthur Koestler
(Macmillan; $8.95)

His central thesis is that in all areas where thinking tends towards the production of "creative" insights, the "bisociation" of different but in themselves coherent sets of thought or behavior, of different patterns of logic, will lead to fresh and perhaps revolutionary perceptions. Whether it be a joke, a poem or a philosophical or scientific theorem, in each case one matrix is crossed by another, one frame of reference, one sort of logic suddenly confronted by another; in each case the imagination is startled by "the sudden interlocking of two previously unrelated skills or matrices of thought," into pursuing hitherto unsuspected avenues of constructive reflection. The notion of "bisociated matrices" is the heart of Mr. Koestler's argument. What emerges, however, beyond this readily plausible theory as his chief purpose, is the description of the physiological and psychological conditions that bring about the bisociative "happening." He attempts, that is to say, a comprehensive theory of perception applicable to

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

all forms of inventiveness, scientific as well as imaginative, scholarly as well as aesthetic. Mr. Koestler's opening gambit is a demonstration of the "logic of laughter" or the psychology of humor in which two kinds, two matrices of discourse, are made to cross one another; the same intersecting takes place in the more general traffic of ideas – especially, in the area of aesthetic creation.

That such a total view of creativity is tenable Mr. Koestler argues with utmost conviction and with palpable contempt for any form of scientific enquiry that takes an unduly narrow view of this large issue. He defends his concept of bisociation as clearly superior to any established view of associational psychology: association, he maintains, occurs within a single pre-existing matrix, bisociation brings two frames of reference into a new and revealing relationship. Associative routine is in the creative act superseded by bisociative originality. Mr. Koestler insists on the indispensible role of the unconscious; far from being an irrationalist, he assembles a mass of contemporary physiological evidence in support of his contention that the processes of learning and perception are in fact decisively determined by subconscious energies and that at the moment of bisociation, they are crystallized into a creative Gestalt.

In his first four hundred pages, Mr. Koestler stakes out the topography of his argument with an abundance of entertaining detail; the second part is a less comfortable exercise. Its aim is "to show that certain basic principles operate throughout the whole organic hierarchy – from the fertilized egg to the fertile brain of the individual; and that phenomena analogous to creative originality can be found on all levels." The creative potential to which Mr. Koestler devotes much eloquence in this part of the book is always at work exploring the endless variations that are possible within a game that follows altogether fixed rules; the subjective experience of freedom of choice between alternate possibilities of action leads to the recognition that no rule is absolutely final, "that under certain circumstances [rules] may be altered and combined into a more sophisticated game, which provides a higher form of unity and yet increased variety."

It is not surprising that the scientific adequacy of the second part should have been seriously questioned. Professor George A. Miller, for instance, has (in *Scientific American*) deplored Mr. Koestler's angry impatience with behavioral psychology, and has suggested that his views of the psychology of thinking are shaped more by his readings in the history of science than by an adequate familiarity with the findings of current psychology. The book has been fifteen years in the writing; there are gaps in the bibliography that suggest a certain ignorance of recent psychological research in fields that have an important bearing on Mr. Koestler's thesis. It would in any case be foolish to ignore the weight of such substantial academic strictures and it is impossible for anyone with an expert competence in a particular field not to be irritated by Mr. Koestler's quick and facile generalizations. Yet, *The Act of Creation* is the work of a thoughtful and exceedingly inquisitive mind who explores problems of creative thought that have hitherto been either beclouded by speculative and sentimental notions, or trivialized by their confinement within narrowly behavioristic definitions. It offers a dazzling wealth of argument which may at times seem extravagant but which is firmly focussed upon a desire to find a pattern to unite the apparently so heterogeneous creative activities in all realms of mental endeavor, and it suggests analogies between the individual process of creativity and the evolution of discoveries in the history of thought.

It is his desire for a unified theory of perception that makes the extensive discussion of the analogies between the creative act in scientific thinking and in the arts especially suggestive. He proceeds from a description of the participatory emotions – laughter, weeping, mourning, pity, etc. – to a discussion of the devices that lead to the aesthetic illumination. From the dynamics of illusion, of rhythm and rhyme, he moves to the more sophisticated ingredients and impulses of the creative process, to the relationship between motif and medium, image and emotion and the codes of discipline that distinguish the products of genius from the inspired blunders of the amateur. He speaks of that sense of "oceanic wonder" which is at the root of the scientist's quest for ultimate causes as well as the artist's quest for the ultimate realities. Intellectual and emotive ingredients combine in the moment of truth and the experience of beauty; there are continuous transitions between our categories of scientific and aesthetic judgment; we must consider beauty a function of truth and truth a function of beauty. "They can be separated by analysis, but in the lived experience of the creative art . . . they are inseparable as thought is inseparable from emotion."

"Merely take your record player and the record into a quiet room, where you can be alone for at least an hour. Then turn on the recording and begin to follow its instructions immediately."

SELF HYPNOSIS THROUGH RELAXATION. A documentary recording by Mrs. Lee R. Steiner, Certified Psychologist. Mrs. Steiner has taught at the University of Chicago, Fordham, New York University, and is now (for twelve years) the producer and moderator of the well known radio program, "Psychologically Speaking." She has found a way to achieve self-hypnosis at will, and has taught it successfully to thousands. Here it is! Retail: $5.95
Introductory Offer: $4.95

UNIVERSITY BOOKS INC.,
New Hyde Park, New York 11041

NAME_____

ADDRESS_____

CITY_____ ZONE____ STATE____

☐ SAVE! Publisher pays postage on prepaid orders. NR-2

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Madness, Vision, Stupidity

by Irving Howe

Toward the end, Whittaker Chambers seems to have gone a little mad. It is not hard to understand why, and if one brings to life a fraction of the imaginativeness we all so devoutly accord to literature, it is even possible to sympathize with his condition.

Chambers felt himself to be a man burdened with a vision. He treasured a note André Malraux had sent him after

Cold Friday
by Whittaker Chambers
(Random House; $5.95)

the appearance of *Witness*: "You are one of those who did not return from Hell with empty hands." (Whether Malraux remarked on the value of what Chambers brought back or the possibility that after a conspiratorial-ideological debauch it might be a nice touch of modesty to return with "empty hands," Chambers does not say.) He, Chambers, knew – perhaps he alone knew – the nature and magnitude of the Communist threat. He knew – perhaps he alone knew – that it was symptomatic of a far deeper malaise in Western society, which could be traced back to the rise of secular humanism in the Renaissance: the devil's work. And everywhere about him he saw evidence of fatty social degeneration: a society hurtling itself into prosperous suicide, insensitive to its moral premises, and unaware that it stood at the point of collapse such as the Roman Empire faced shortly before . . . well, such analogies never being very precise, let's just say, shortly before the Roman Empire fell. Like most aspirants to prophecy, Whittaker Chambers was fond of this notion.

Nobody understood the contemporary crisis as Chambers did, and it was an understanding that made it no easier for him to bear his cross. The intellectuals he knew to be hopeless, carriers of heresy and decay. Socialists, ultimately, were allies of Communism, even if, in mere fact, they perished resisting it; liberals were socialists in disguise, sapped by Marxism; and as for most American conservatives, they were either timid liberals or spokesmen for petty selfishness. Chambers wrote for *The National Review* – a man harassed by a vision must write somewhere – but he seems to have felt it lacking in disinterested grandeur; nor was he impressed with William Buckley's spiritual credentials. And one can allow Chambers the credit of supposing that he would have been disdainful of the sharpers and barbecue-pit crusaders who led the Goldwater campaign.

What Chambers really yearned for was to discard his soiled American self and appear – reincarnate, in ascetic leanness – as a 20th-Century Dostoevsky. Then he would speak for the mysteries of the faith, excoriate the materialist West, and proclaim a holy war against the Moscow anti-Christ (in which, despite his distaste for modern technology, "I suspect the argument must be completed by the Bombs"). Historical action often takes the form of repetitive impersonation, and all public gesture involves a risk of parody; but what a hopelessly ridiculous piece of miscasting Chambers subjected himself to! He had the ambition to prophecy, but not the calling. He knew, like most half-educated Americans, either too much or too little: too much for mere demagogy, too little for clear analysis. And besides, how could Dostoevsky be an American, or an American be Dostoevsky? The question seems to have haunted Chambers: which may be one reason he felt so lonely, misunderstood, and paranoid. To harbor a vision of the apocalypse is never comfortable; to harbor it on a farm in Maryland could drive even a saint mad. And a saint he was not.

Everything about Chambers – his grandiose solemnity, his stunning pretentiousness, his oracular incompetence – was appalling: everything but his stubborn conviction that we live in an age of apocalypse and a cluster of personal qualities which did not come through in *Witness* but do in *Cold Friday*, a posthumous collection of articles, notes and diaries. To grant Chambers any virtue, even a trace of humanity, is to risk a hissing of anger from certain liberals who need to see him as the complete contemporary villain. But why? If such people encountered Chambers in a novel, say in Trilling's *Middle of the Journey*, they would insist on granting him complexity of motive and shading of character.

Cold Friday has some well-written pages displaying Chambers's intense feeling for the natural world, also some testimony of his close and sustaining family life. If one can break past the crust of pontification, there is a man to be found in the book: not perhaps a very likeable man but one who had had his share of suffering. Most of the time, Chambers does his best to keep the reader from making this discovery.

As for the vision of apocalypse he struggled so hard to maintain, that is not highly regarded in this country. Few of our intellectuals share this vision; not many try to understand it. We like to behave as if the United States were exempt from the terrors of modern history, and perhaps, by some turn of fate, it will prove to be. But not all the evidence is in yet, and even if we emerge from this epoch far luckier than we probably deserve, it can at least be argued that American intellectuals have a moral obligation to share with the rest of humanity an awareness of what the 20th Century has meant. And without a sense of apocalypse, how can one truly respond to the experience of the 20th Century?

Yet *Cold Friday* shows that even with a sense of apocalypse one can fail to respond. To recognize the presence of an unprecedented historical disaster is

"HENCEFORWARD CONSERVATIVES *will, one hopes, be forever awakened from the Platonic trance that one has only to make Truth available as an alternative to Error, in order to rest secure. Truth is a demure thing, much too ladylike to knock you on the head and drag you to her cave. She is there, but the people must want her, and seek her out.*"

For the current issue of NATIONAL REVIEW, send 25¢ to Dept. R-9, 150 E. 35 St., New York 16, N. Y.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

not yet to understand its causes or nature. Chambers was the kind of writer who by instinct and training reduced everything to melodrama. It was a gift of sorts, enabling him to present political struggles in a shocking chiaroscuro but disabling him for serious thought. In saying this I do not mean that he had the wrong or even detestable ideas; I mean, literally, that he could not think. Chambers had an infuriating contempt for the customary rules of evidence; he was seldom able to connect one link in a sequence of argument to another; he preferred the stupefying power of assertion, the lordly rights of the man who has "returned from hell."

A few instances:

1) "If God exists, a man cannot be a Communist, which begins with the rejection of God. But if God does not exist, it follows that Communism, or some suitable variant of it, is right."

This nonsense Chambers first advanced in *Witness;* he was repeatedly challenged and answered; the statement is false in fact, inept in logic, impudent in morals and un-Christian in spirit. Yet he repeats it again and again, without the faintest effort to reason or argue adding only the insidious qualification, "some suitable variant of [Communism]," to take care of the liberals.

2) With the air of a man who has just heard Pascal deliver a *pensée,* Chambers describes a conversation with a Passionist monk to whom he poured out his worries about the viability and virility of the West. "Who says," replied this Father Alan, "that the West deserves to be saved?" Chambers was overwhelmed, struck dumb by this "Verey flare" of illumination.

What is this "West" that is to be saved? The Salk vaccine or Jim Crow, anesthesia or torture, Shakespeare or Spillane, the seven-hour day or child labor? Why must some undifferentiated entity be saved or not saved? Precisely who among mortals is to take upon himself the presumption of answering this kind of question about the culture of mankind? And if the West is judged unworthy of salvation (which, in my distance from orthodoxy, I had always supposed was God's business, not Chambers's or Father Alan's), where

An intimacy to share

Her thoughts might influence yours, if you will come along with us, *Réalités* Magazine, inside Europe. We'll take you into a World of new ventures, attitudes and dimensions... into a World that tourists seldom discover.

Each month *Réalités* takes you on an escapade with professional camera and pen down the many different avenues of life on the Continent: the arts, current events, fashion, food, philosophy, politics, travel—topics of great interest... topics of delight, always the things that make European living all-enveloping.

Be intellectually engrossed... be entertained by France's foremost commentators and journalists. Keep *Réalités* within arm's reach to see, perhaps study, the valuable collection of paintings and photographs ingeniously reproduced on heavy varnished paper. You might even agree with the critics who call this "The Most Beautiful Magazine In The World."

Mailed from Paris each month, *Réalités* is available in English-language or French-language editions. Treat yourself, and particular friends or relatives, to the thoroughly fresh and rewarding experience of "living in Europe"... for a year.

Christmas offer, $15 a year, (Regular rate $20) additional subscription $12.50

Réalités

REALITES in America, Dept. 30 301 Madison Ave., New York, N.Y. 10017

Please enter my subscription to REALITES:

☐ English Edition
☐ French Edition

☐ 1 year (12 issues) $15.00
☐ Additional subscription—$12.50

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

CITY _____ STATE _____ ZIP CODE _____

☐ Payment enclosed. ☐ Send gift announcement card. ☐ Please bill me.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

From WESLEYAN

Interdisciplinary Explorations

Books which resist categorization and cut across organized bodies of knowledge

CENTERING
in Pottery, Poetry, and the Person
BY
Mary Caroline Richards

This unusual, passionate book is the spiritual testament of a remarkable woman who, for much of her adult life, has moved among the avant-garde in the arts and handcrafts, in creative thought and work, and in teaching. Drawing her image from the act of centering the unshaped clay on the potter's wheel, she discusses "centering" philosophically, applying it not only to pottery, but to poetry, to the creative process, and indeed to life itself. $8.00

WORLDS APART
A Dialogue of the 1960's
BY
Owen Barfield

Spokesmen for eight viewpoints discuss their ideas during a country week end of stimulating modern Platonic dialogues.
2nd Printing. $5.00

LIFE AGAINST DEATH
The Psychoanalytical Meaning of History
BY
Norman O. Brown

A recognized modern classic, "it gives us the best interpretation of Freud that I know." — LIONEL TRILLING. **5th Printing.** $6.50

SILENCE
Lectures and Writings
BY
John Cage

The noted avant-garde musician offers "one of the most entertaining and rewarding intellectual voyages that contemporary literature affords." — ALFRED FRANKENSTEIN, *San Francisco Chronicle.* $10.00

Wesleyan University Press
MIDDLETOWN, CONNECTICUT

but from the tradition of the West can one draw the values for something better? But if that is so, then at least part of "the West" deserves to be saved.

3) "You cannot replace God with Point Four. If you fed the starving millions four square meals a day and studded their primitive lands with automated factories, men would still die of despair."

No ordinary person, only a special kind of besotted ideologue, could say anything so stupid. Can one put under the same rubric the despair of a Brazilian peasant watching his children starve and the despair of a well-fed American who finds life aimless? Suppose the Brazilian peasant, suddenly lifted to plenty, were then to learn the malaise of a sophisticated New Yorker: he might indeed die of despair (which, by the way, even in New York is not quite so easy), but it would be for entirely new reasons and would therefore have entirely new political and social repercussions. In respect to social stability, prospects of democracy, the threat of Communism, and the personal life of the peasant, a very great deal would have changed. In any case, who proposes to *replace* God with Point Four? Whatever men in Latin America may have lacked – bread, health, minimal dignity – has surely not been caused by the absence of God or His accredited representatives.

To argue against foolishness can make one feel somewhat foolish; but I suppose it is necessary, since Chambers has his representative significance. He was perhaps the most dramatic example we have recently had in America of the intellectual *manqué* hungering for prophecy and power, the journalist of ideological melodrama, the man who fancies himself a mixture of Ivan and Alyosha Karamazov, but more nearly resembles their buffoonish half-brother Smerdyakov.

Hutchins in Chicago

by Joseph Epstein

Robert Maynard Hutchins, who has always seemed most at ease when grappling with the destinies of whole civilizations, is one of the few men around today for whom a discussion of the fate of a single nation might well be deemed small talk. And so what more appropriate title for a book of essays to celebrate his sixty-fifth birthday than *Humanistic Education and Western Civilization?* It has an amplitude rather like his own career.

Humanistic Education and Western Civilization
edited by Arthur A. Cohen
(Holt, Rinehart & Winston; $5.75)

Very briefly, that career can be said to have begun in earnest in 1929 when, at the age of thirty, Hutchins was appointed President of the University of Chicago. Chicago was already a great university, and whether he dashed and completely destroyed it against the rocks of experiment and innovation or made it the most exciting school of its size this country has ever known – and perhaps ever will know – is a point of unending debate among the professoriat. In any event, under considerable pressure, Hutchins left in 1951 to become a director of the Ford Foundation and to assume greater responsibilities as one of the two chief salesmen for that somewhat dubious enterprise called, with characteristic reserve, The Great Books. In 1954, he became President of the Fund for the Republic, while simultaneously guiding the leisure of the theory class at its Center for the Study of Democratic Institutions in Santa Barbara. The big years, however, were the years at Chicago.

Hutchins's ideas about undergraduate education have always been winged along on the most high-flown language – the temporary revival of the now twice-dead word "Dialogue," for example, is his. Stripped of their rhetoric, four of his most useful ideas have been: 1) by and large, textbooks stink; 2) you can't hope to educate a student in three or four years – but you can expose him

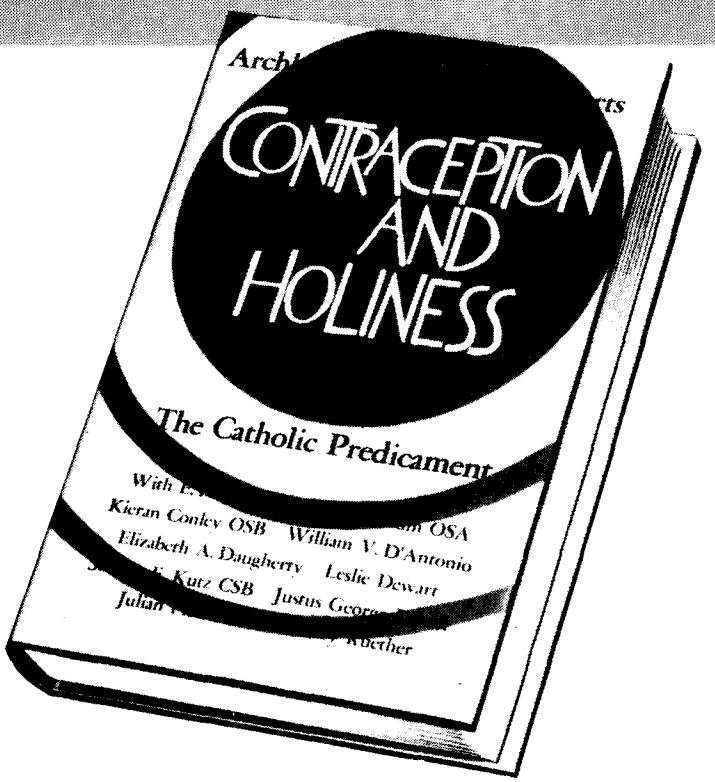
LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

to a good deal; 3) the various disciplines are not totally unrelated, and this should be pointed out; and 4) a school need not be much concerned with its students outside the classroom. In Europe these ideas would have been thought commonplace; in America they were taken as revolutionary "concepts," and, in some quarters, nothing less than an attempt to overthrow the government. And in point of fact one of the effects of their application at Chicago was to attract to the school a teaching staff and student body who did indeed have something of a small (and salubrious) penchant for overthrowing the government.

Although many of the contributors to this book at one time or another have taught at Chicago and he himself was a student there, Arthur A. Cohen, the book's editor, has unfortunately not included any essays dealing with the quality of life at the school of which one noted scholar has recently written: "Rarely have those who would gladly teach been surrounded by so many who would rapturously learn." At Chicago ideas were taken seriously, and – absurd though it sounds – of not many other schools in this country can that same statement be made. The responsibility for this was ultimately Hutchins's. As Mr. Cohen rightly insists in his introductory essay, Robert Hutchins has always been essentially a moralist and a utopian, and so the stress at Chicago fell on how the world *ought* to be. It was generally assumed that anyone with the slightest intellect could perceive how the world in fact was and how this simply wasn't good enough.

Every large school has its little minority of anarchists, alchemists, and Aristotelians, cranks and Cartesians, professional bohemians, groups banning the bomb, and other groups banning the bomb banners, but at Chicago, where tolerance ran high, these seemed to make up the majority. The girls were not merely uncomely; they were militantly unkempt: legend had it that a panty raid on one of the girls' dorms yielded only a set of fatigues and a pair of muddy combat boots. Campus figures abounded. The story is told of a large, heavy-set fellow who gadded about in an ample black beard with a cloak to match; one night, while quiet-

Controversial...
...truly revolutionary



CONTRACEPTION AND HOLINESS
THE CATHOLIC PREDICAMENT

Archbishop Thomas D. Roberts

With E. R. Baltazar, Gregory Baum OSA, Kieran Conley OSB, William V. D'Antonio, Elizabeth A. Daugherty, Leslie Dewart, Stanley E. Kutz CSB, Justus George Lawler, Julian Pleasants, Rosemary Ruether. Writing in response to the Council Fathers' own request for suggestions and advice from the faithful, these distinguished authors take a position strongly at odds with that publicly defended by many moralists today. They believe that the discussion of the morality of contraception should not be regarded by the Council as closed, and that the ultimate determination of methods for limiting births should be left to the enlightened consciences of the individual married couples. $5.50

HERDER AND HERDER
232 Madison Avenue, New York, N. Y. 10016

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ly engaged in some minor bit of vandalism he was come upon by the police and chased into Rockefeller Chapel; with the police still in hot pursuit, he bounded onto the altar of that grand edifice and, drawing the black cloak up across his face, cried out: "Sanctuary! Sanctuary!" Needless to say, none was available and he was dragged off.

While the academic fare in the College was rich and heady stuff, it is patently untrue that the school ever offered a course called Truth and Beauty ("consent of instructor"). It was not, however, inconceivable for a young man to enter at eighteen with a career in mathematics firmly in mind and to emerge at twenty-eight with an MA in psychology. Occasionally a girl of seventeen or so, having just read *Civilization and its Discontents*, would peer deep into her own roiling, seething id and, screaming, in a great suicidal leap hurl herself out the low second-story window of the girls' dormitory onto the soft turf below.

There were also a great many foreign students at the university, most of them involved in graduate study, and the lobby of International House, where they boarded, had something of the air of the UN lounge. There were the inevitable Indian women floating across the quadrangle; the grim Burmese who played gin rummy expertly for a dime a point in the student union, never for a moment changing his expression while on the grand piano in the adjoining room some madman banged out Beethoven with his fists; the tall Nigerian who, when asked to describe the sensation of hunting rhino on the steppe, replied, "I dare say you would feel like throwing up."

The faculty and administration must have viewed all this with amusement; certainly they viewed it with detachment. Since, for example, fraternities had become rather unpopular after the advent of Hutchins, some had to take in boarders, and in at least one fraternity wickedness and exotica of a high order were reported widespread: a doctoral candidate in biochemistry was said to be sharing his room with both his German Police Dog and his fiancée; on the floor above a young psychiatrist was bedding down with a mulatto chorus girl; flamenco dancing and classical guitar cracking late into the night were keeping neighbors from sleep. Proper measures had to be taken. A letter was sent out the essence of whose message was: "For God's sake, let's keep this quiet!" Not cut it out, but keep it quiet. Here, at least in part, was how the world *ought* to be.

After Hutchins left, a "sounder" man was enlisted for the job. Curriculum began to change. Some of the most valued faculty started to drift away. Curriculum was further changed. The "sounder" man now left to take up a seat on the board of directors of Standard Oil. A Nobel Prize winner was hired on and is at the job today. Chicago is still a first-rate school, doubtless one of the four or five best in the nation, but it is a different school than it was under Hutchins; or, more importantly, it is less different than all the rest.

It was probably inevitable. Sometime in the past decade – Sputnik is generally cited as the watershed – higher education became a national priority worth the attention and reflection of politicians and admirals and readers of *Life* magazine. When this time came the time of the great university presidents ended. As David Riesman perceptively notes: "With the rise of an educated elite, with the use of the universities as sorting stations for talent to run society, academic values enjoy a priority which they have never had before in America. This ensures that power will not be centered in the president or his administrators, but in the academic guild as such."

And yet, although teachers have never been so powerful, it would appear that powerful teaching has never been so conspicuously in abeyance. In the course of his essay in *Humanistic Education*, F. Champion Ward, formerly Dean of the College, remarks of present teaching practice:

> "Scholars and scientists hope not to teach, and students hope not to be taught. Certainly, the scholarly teacher who cultivated wide intellectual interests and was encouraged to do so, and who showed a concern for the whole impact of his college upon its students, appears to be in retreat. He is being replaced by the professional with a packed suitcase. To retain the latter, colleges raise salaries, lower teaching 'loads,' and encourage conventional research, only to find themselves engaged in a losing competition with the universities which, in their turn, aspire to the condition of postdoctoral institutes. Meanwhile, the best undergraduate students appear to be expecting more from their education than their teachers have time or inclination to give."

As one of the leading critics of our colleges' higher vocationalism, Robert Hutchins's view of all this is well known. Still, looking down on the current educational scene, the sensation must, I dare say, be a little like that accompanying the sighting of a rhino, red-eyed and angry, charging straight at him from less than fifty yards.

For new subscribers only.

COMMENTARY, Dept. A-13
165 East 56th St., New York, N. Y. 10022

Please send, FREE, the current issue of COMMENTARY and enter my 8-month trial subscription for $3.00. $9 a year at the newsstand—$7 a year subscription.

Name_____

Address_____

City/Zone_____ State_____

☐ EXTRA ISSUE! Enclose $3.00 now and we will extend subscription to 9 months.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Oh No, Lord Snow

by Malcolm Muggeridge

I first met C. P. Snow (later, Sir Charles Snow, and now Lord Snow of Leicester) some thirty-five years ago in Manchester when I was working on the *Guardian*. As I recall him in those days, he was a large, red-haired, rather wistful looking but still resolute man of about my own age. I was then 27. It emerged in the course of our conversation over tea that he was poised between being a writer and a scientist; had already written a thriller or so, but, I had the impression, leaned then in the direction of science. How good a scientist he was, I had, of course, no means of knowing. Nor, for that matter, have I now.

Corridors of Power
by C. P. Snow
(Scribner's; $5.95)

An impression that stayed with me was a worldly man. Worldliness is, by its nature, a highly romantic attitude; only mystics know how to be skeptical. Snow, I felt, was romantically worldly. Though, politically, he belonged to the Left (at that time, I should suppose, the fairly extreme Left), things like money and social eminence and success held great allure for him. My own romanticism (a late-Victorian throwback) was the converse of his. Success, I had convinced myself, was the hallmark of failure; the rich could only be contemptible, and, what was worse, bores. Thus, the idea of an ostensible intellectual like Snow wanting to be rich and successful struck me as bizarre, if not reprehensible.

Actually, as I see now, romantic worldliness like his is a great promoter of success in the field of action, through completely inimical to any other than the most mediocre achievement in the field of the imagination. The mists of desire obscure life's landscape, whether to portray, describe or understand it; they facilitate its conquest. Thus, Napoleon had so romantic a notion of the glories and delights of power that he was able to grab it, in the same way that a greedy child gets the best cakes. He took so glamorized a view of the thrones of Europe that he was able to overturn them, and then stand them up again to accommodate his repulsive Corsican relatives.

Similarly with a certain type of literature. For instance, Stendhal's novels derive much of their driving-force from his abject and ridiculous romanticism about being distinguished and important. One can trace the same thing in Evelyn Waugh, and, in a rather different way, in Proust. Snow is no Stendhal, certainly. Nor is he a Proust, or even a Waugh. One has, in fact, to agree with Dr. Leavis's preposterous and portentous tirade against him to the extent of agreeing that Snow is a negligible writer. All the same, his great popularity in England and America, and still more in Western Europe and the USSR derives from his already-mentioned romantic worldliness. He is the man rubbing his nose against the plate glass window of Vanity Fair, and telling the others who can't even get near the window what it is like inside. Pascal, a non-worldly man, said that judges and sovereigns had to be attired in elaborate regalia because otherwise the threadbare nature of their authority would be exposed. Snow, contrariwise, finds the regalia marvelous in itself, and deduces from it the reality of the authority beneath. His only authentic grouse was that he had no regalia to wear himself. Well, now, as a peer and member of Harold Wilson's Labour Government, he has.

Whatever may have been his inclination all those years ago when we met in Manchester, as things have turned out he has pursued neither science nor literature, but grazed in the limbo of no-man's-land between them. It is as an academic functionaire that he has made his mark, his novels being a by-product. They are narrated by Lewis Eliot, who is obviously himself; a fellow of Christ's College, Cambridge; an occasional civil servant and knighted; a scholar of sorts, and a lawyer – but he might just as well be a novelist.

The latest offering, *Corridors of*

BACKGROUND TO MLF:

Germany rearmed—atomically

"This is the most effective research booklet I have ever seen in a long research life . . . It should be used in thousands of college classes and libraries."

—Prof. D. F. Fleming, The Cold War and Its Origins

"I congratulate WSP on doing a first rate job . . . well documented and objective."

—Prof. Fred Warner Neal, War and Peace and Germany

". . . a scrupulously documented account."

—Bertrand Russell

"Nuclear annihilation . . . could happen over the unsolved problems in Germany. Every mother and father can . . . thank WSP by reading and promoting their book."

—Dr. Benjamin Spock

THE German problem
roadblock to disarmament

Newly published by the Washington, D.C. Women Strike for Peace Disarmament Committee as part of their effort to stop the spread of nuclear weapons control to West Germany through the proposed multi-lateral nuclear fleet (MLF) in NATO.

Order from Women Strike for Peace, P.O. Box 4055, Washington, D.C. 20015
$1.00

"To permit a German finger on the nuclear trigger so soon after the second world war, and with so many of the same Germans responsible for it in charge of the West German industry and military, is criminal negligence inviting a third and final holocaust. Those who would like to stop it may find useful information in a remarkable pamphlet put together here by a group in WSP, "The German Problem."

—I. F. Stone's Weekly, July 13, 1964

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Making of Massive Resistance

VIRGINIA'S POLITICS OF PUBLIC SCHOOL DESEGREGATION 1954-1956

by Robbins L. Gates

Academic Dean, Fairfax Hall, Waynesboro, Virginia

The emergence in Virginia of the "massive resistance" movement following the school desegregation decision of 1954 and '55 dramatically influenced the entire South. This fascinating, objective study relates the legal and human events that followed the United States Supreme Court's decision when the school board of Prince Edward County was a defendent in one of the five much-celebrated cases. Dean Gates' book is one of the first efforts to describe the activities of the clergy and the Virginia Council on Human Relations. Presenting a clear picture of the anatomy of massive resistance, it also illuminates the racial politics of the entire South. $6.50

At bookstores

THE UNIVERSITY OF NORTH CAROLINA PRESS
Chapel Hill

Power, is about a Tory politician, Roger Quaife, who undertakes a rather indeterminate political operation directed towards extricating the government from its nuclear commitments. Considered as an exercise in political strategy the whole thing is quite exceptionally silly and difficult to follow. There is no particular need to try. After a series of ups and downs, Quaife is worsted, and has to resign. His downfall is assisted by an affair he has with the wife of a fellow-Conservative MP; described by Snow with all the sensitivity and subtlety of an elephant pounding through a cornfield.

The dynamic of the novel, as of the series of which it is a part (there are, I gather, four more to come), lies in the lush descriptions of the alleged workings of power in England through the House of Commons and the Government, through high-born families and the civil service, with money, patronage and influence as lubricants. There are the country house week-end gatherings at Basset, Diana Skidmore's house in Hampshire; the dinner parties at the Quaifes' house in Lord North Street, Westminster, presided over by Quaife's energetic wife, Lady Caroline, or Caro as she is known to her friends, and, of course, to Lewis Eliot; encounters with Lord Lufkin, an industrialist, and Lord Houghton, or Sammikins, who "had published a short book on Anglo-Indian relations . . . it seemed anti-Churchill, pro-Nehru and passionately pro-Gandhi." Poor old Sammikins! He never should have come out in the open as an admirer of the Mahatma. It got him into trouble with his family and political associates.

Words cannot convey the imbecility of this vision of power as conceived in Snow's ponderous, totally humorless and endearingly innocent, or at any rate naïve, mind. To transubstantiate, as the dear old fellow has done, those moustached Westminster hostesses into divinities; to take Basset back to Trollope and Lord North Street back to Disraeli; to fabricate out of universal suffrage democracy in its, and England's, decrepitude a high drama of derring-do, a Church Lads Brigade Agincourt – this is something that only Snow could, or would, have attempted.

Let me take, by way of illustration, a single sentence which caught my fancy. Snow mentions that "during the winter the gossip began to swirl out from the clubs and the Whitehall corridors." One imagines that so substantial figure; that huge moon face, unsmiling, portentous, looking across St James's Park. Then, wetting a finger, holding it up to the wind, with an expression of great gravity: Yes (head on one side), yes, sure enough he can detect a decided current of gossip swirling past him from the clubs and Whitehall corridors.

But wait a minute – what clubs? What corridors? The Athenaeum, perhaps, where seedy clerics and atrocious dons desperately wash down bad food with bad wine. Or the Carlton, home of outmoded Conservative politicians in black coats hoping against hope for a telephone call that never comes to summon them to be under-under parliamentary secretary at the Ministry of Nothing. Or Whites whose red-faced members suck down their tenth Bloody Mary, still keeping a weather-eye open for Lord Boothby, or even Randolph Churchill. Or the Garrick. Dear God, the Garrick, frequented by noisy lawyers, moronic actors, and American newspaper and television correspondents who manage to persuade themselves that they are consorting with the mighty in their seats. Oh, Joe, oh Drew, come out from behind that decanter of port! I know you. As for Pratts – dear, gallant old Snow is on record as having reflected, while taking a drink in its dismal premises, how remarkable it was that he, a poor boy from a poor home, should ever have found himself in this haunt of the smart and the great. Perhaps it *is* Pratts whence the rumors swirled. As

BOOK HUNTING?

Any Book Located

No matter how old or long out-of-print. Name the book—we'll find it for you! (Title alone is sufficient.) All authors, all subjects. Fiction, nonfiction. No obligation. Write to—

BOOKS-ON-FILE
Dept. NEW
Union City New Jersey

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

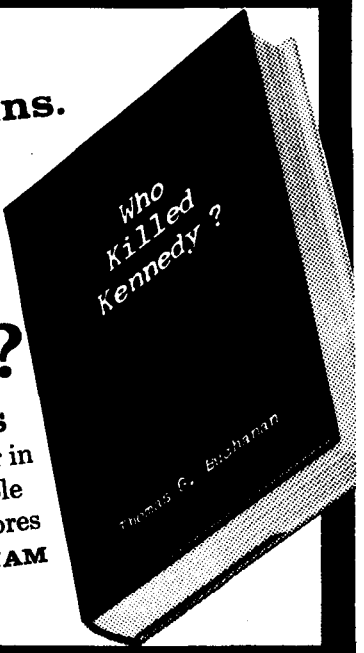
it happens, it's the only club mentioned by name in *Corridors of Power*, and (the point has no particular relevance) the only London club I still belong to.

As for the corridors, we journalists who have paced them often and long enough in search of a story; who have visited those sad, sad knights in their ministries, looked at them across their desks; grey, listless men with black briefcases stamped with the Royal Arms (ministerial equivalent of the airline bag) which they take with them, to and fro, between Whitehall and their homes in Putney or Wimbledon – we just can't accept the swirling rumors. What wouldn't we have given for just one tiny swirl to take back to the office and knock out on a typewriter. The truth is that journalism unfits one for reading Snow. One's state of mind is all wrong. I give up. Sir Lewis Eliot, Lord Eliot, away! I want no more of you. Those last four volumes of yours, as far as I'm concerned, shall remain unread.

The rather amusing situation now is that Snow has been teamed up with Frank Cousins (about the nicest man, quite seriously, there is in England today; and hitherto head of the Transport and General Workers Union) to look after our technological development. Snow steps out of his novels into politics, and we shall all be watching closely to see how he fares. I have long held the view that power is to the collectivity what sex is to the individual. On this basis, writers like Snow obsessed with power may be compared, within their own terms of reference, with writers like D. H. Lawrence obsessed with sex; they display the same sort of seriousness; no more laughs in the corridors than in the woods when Lady Chatterley and Mellors were on the job there. They are, as it were, power-pornographers. For Snow to join a government is rather as though Lawrence had taken a job as a game-keeper. I am personally extremely grateful to Mr. Harold Wilson for having created this diverting situation, and only wish that he would cap it by taking Dr. Leavis into his government. What could Leavis be? The promised Ombudsman, perhaps. Or our first Minister of Culture.

The Report is out.
The Question remains.

WHO KILLED KENNEDY?



THOMAS G. BUCHANAN'S startling book—a major best seller in 19 countries—now, at last, available in the USA. $4.95 at all bookstores
PUTNAM

Will you be Boo Sun's sponsor?

Boo Sun lives with 9 relatives in a one-room hut in an impoverished South Korean village.

All she ever wanted was "to be a teacher, so I could make little children wise."

But education is not free in South Korea. And Boo Sun's parents are desperately poor.

They're also proud. That's why they refuse charity.

But if they had a cow to do the plowing, they could grow enough rice to earn money to send Boo Sun to school.

. . . Will you buy Boo Sun a cow?

Your contribution to Save the Children Federation, though tax-deductible, is not charity. It's used instead for self-help. Children, families, entire communities in Korea, Greece, Lebanon, Tanganyika, Colombia, and American Indians as well, are aided to stand on their own feet through Save the Children self-help funds. As a sponsor, you or your group receive the story and photograph of the child you help to help himself, and the opportunity for person-to-person correspondence.

Won't you fill in the coupon ?

Founded 1932
SAVE THE CHILDREN FEDERATION
Norwalk, Connecticut

I wish to contribute $150.00 annually to help a ( ) girl ( ) boy in_____(list countries) or where the need is greatest ( ).

Enclosed is my first payment:
$12.50 a month ( ) $37.50 a quarter ( )
$75 semi-annually ( ) $150 annually ( )

I cannot sponsor a child:
enclosed is contribution of $_____

Name_____

Address_____

City_____Zip_____State_____

Contributions are income tax deductible.

NR 11-28-4

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Strange New World

by Adrienne Koch

The name of Howard Mumford Jones in academic circles in this country and abroad is one to conjure with, and has been so for at least the past quarter-century. He has been an ebullient and illustrious member of the Harvard Humanities faculty since 1936, more recently Lowell Professor of the Humanities Emeritus. When he came to Cambridge, he had already tried his powers in the West and South: the universities of Texas, Michigan and North Carolina had benefited by his quizzical and crisp lectures and he had made the most of his affectionate, region by region, conquest of the country. The list of Mr. Jones's extracurricular offices is too long to cite, but we should recall that he served for several years as Chairman of the American Council of Learned Societies, as President of the American Academy of Arts and Sciences, and, in the period of World War II, as consultant on educational programming for prisoners of war. In the current academic year he will give the annual "Jefferson Lectures" at the University of California at Berkeley.

O Strange New World:
American Culture, The Formative Years
by Howard Mumford Jones
(Viking; $8.50)

What has powered the phenomenon of Howard Mumford Jones as more than a Professor of Literature, more even than a humanistic scholar, has been his lively, almost insurgent personality – his quick grasp of information and an alchemist's sense of how to transform academic dust and shavings into the glitter that is sometimes gold. For many years he has been safely relied on for raising the style and creating the bonhomie of innumerable conferences, professional association meetings, foundation panels, commencement ceremonies, and the less formal but perhaps more fruitful get-togethers of colleagues and friends. His gifts of eloquent oratory, wide learning, and a facile pen have been notable in our anxiety-conscious times when American intellectual circles so frequently made an article of faith out of indecision and self-doubt.

Many of Mr. Jones's books have retained the qualities of his magnetic mode of address and discourse. Although his mind and the areas of his interests are different from William James's, the style of his writing is reminiscent of "the adorable philosopher": effervescent, vivid, concrete, and bold. Author of an early book on American and French culture and of more recent studies of humanism, Mr. Jones has contributed an increasingly interesting body of commentary on American culture and its European connections. While each of his books has made its mark, the present study, *O Strange New World*, gives us his most striking formulation of what he takes to be significant in the formation of American culture.

His title serves as an integrative symbol for the book. The phrase, "O Strange New World," from James Russell Lowell's *The Biglow Papers*, takes part of its bracing paradox from the surrounding web of fictional American dialect:

> "O Strange New World, thet yit wast never young
> Whose youth from thee by gripin' need was wrung
> Brown foundlin' o' the wood, whose baby-bed
> Was prowled roun' by the Injun's cracklin' tread
> An' who grewest strong thru shifts an' wants an' pains
> Nussed by stern men with empires in their brains."

Mr. Jones thus early serves notice that he is seeking the controlling ironies of American experience and its ambiguous old-new culture. In this he is not attempting something new – Reinhold Niebuhr and a host of small- and middle-sized followers have been similarly preoccupied – but he summons to the task more familiarity with the extensive mass of scholarly materials and a breezier command of the tragi-comic style than did his predecessors. Mr. Jones also makes it clear from the threshold of his study that he will not settle for a single towering Irony, nor for a favorite (but tiresome) Myth – whether it be that of Innocence or of its "Loss," the "Horatio Alger" myth, The Garden *vs.* The Machine, the myth of Native "Know-How," or even the more ponderous myths of economic determinism and the Weber thesis of the internal relationship between the Protestant ethic and the spirit of capitalism. On the contrary, the New World, like any other corner of the East, West, North or South where humans congregate, is born to trouble and pain, a foundling destined to "make do" and improvise. The New World was a *wilderness* foundling, to be sure ("baby-bed . . . prowled roun' by the Injun's cracklin' tread") whose survival, growth, and character would attest less to the power of ideas, plans and ideals than to the ruthless tactics of "stern men with empires in their brains."

His book opens with a vista of the ancient and medieval mythic postulation of "Earth's onely Paradise," "The Lost Atlantis," the island where natural abundance and natural beauty put man at his ease in a terrestrial Eden, pest-proofed against the Serpent. The point is, of course, that long before the first settlement in North America, long before the first voyagers touched upon South or North American shores, the New World had been invented out of dream, fatigue, yearning, and childlike greed – and history, and experience, would bear the traces of this persistent Utopian assault.

Even reports, such as Columbus's famous 4,000-word letter that achieved general circulation, appeared before European readers garbed in the chivalric and pseudo-classical imagery of the literary translators. "Europeans read what they wanted to read," comments Mr. Jones, "and the New World belonged to Roland, El Cid and King Arthur." The author's suspicion that "History is a fable agreed on" is then deepened by a foray into the graphic arts, where the representation of New World

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Gifts that reflect knowing taste–books from OXFORD

A FAMILY BOOK OF NURSERY RHYMES *gathered by* IONA *and* PETER OPIE, *with illustrations by Pauline Baynes.* A companion to *The Oxford Nursery Rhyme Book,* this little treasury contains 358 rhymes, annotated and indexed by subject and by first lines. $3.75

Originally published as *The Puffin Book of Nursery Rhymes*

THE OXFORD BOOK OF NINETEENTH-CENTURY ENGLISH VERSE *chosen by* JOHN HAYWARD. "The most readable of anthologies, the Oxford Books have long done good service in bringing the poets of the past to the general reader of today . . . This volume is the fourth and most recent in a series that devotes a volume each to the 16th, 17th and 18th centuries . . . gives a fresh view of the century as a whole." — *N. Y. Times Book Review* $10.00

THE HOUSE OF LIFE *by* MARIO PRAZ, *translated by* Angus Davidson. Outwardly a description of the rooms in the ancient flat in Rome where Mr. Praz has lived for thirty years, this unique autobiography is inwardly a reflection of the spiritual and intellectual odyssey of its distinguished author. "It is brilliantly done . . . these human portraits are of a dazzling perfection." — AUBREY MENEN, *N. Y. Times Book Review. Illustrated with photographs.* $10.00

THE MACHINE IN THE GARDEN: Technology and the Pastoral Ideal in America *by* LEO MARX. For generations Americans have tried to reconcile two conflicting images of their country: a simple, rural paradise opposed to an urban industrial complex. "When literary and cultural criticism can be as historically sound as this is and at the same time illuminate a central issue in the national character, it is something rather special." — ROBERT E. SPILLER. $6.75

CAMBRIDGE, U. S. A.: Hub of a New World *by* CHRISTOPHER RAND. The metamorphosis taking place around Boston, where computers have invaded even the humanities, is working profound changes in the Athens of America. *New Yorker* reporter Rand provides a guided tour of this strange new world. $4.50

EDWARDIAN ENGLAND, 1901-1914 *edited by* SIMON NOWELL-SMITH. "This handsome book serves as a perfect mirror for the golden age it recalls. . . . For this delectable anthology the editor has collected fifteen articles by well-known British writers on various aspects of Edwardian life. . . . Taken as a whole, the book strikes a fine balance between realism and sentiment, combining memory with research in exemplary fashion." — *Saturday Review Syndicate* $15.00

EZRA POUND: Poet as Sculptor *by* DONALD DAVIE. This critical study of a "difficult" poet takes a chronological approach to his work, his translations being considered no less important than his original poems. It breaks new ground in comparing Pound's treatment of certain sources with their originals. "It has Davie's virtues, which are great . . . obviously an important book." — FRANK KERMODE $6.00

SOVIET RUSSIAN LITERATURE: Writers and Problems *by* MARC SLONIM. This assessment of the Soviet literary scene since 1917 presents all the major novelists and poets, including Mayakovsky and Pasternak, Sholokov and Fadeyev, Ehrenburg and Leonov, together with such writers of the "new wave" as Evtushenko, Voznesensky, Solzhenitsyn and Kazakov. Slonim "has brought to light a good deal of fresh factual material." — ERNEST J. SIMMONS $7.50

THE CONCISE OXFORD DICTIONARY OF OPERA *by* HAROLD ROSENTHAL *and* JOHN WARRACK. The perfect gift for the opera lover: a compact, comprehensive, practical reference to composers, singers, conductors, librettists, synopses, first performances, etc., whose coverage reaches from Eastern Europe to the United States. More than 3,000 entries. $6.50

BULFINCH'S BOSTON, 1787-1817 *by* HAROLD KIRKER *and* JAMES KIRKER. Bulfinch is perhaps best known as an architect, but his talents radiated like a star. "A rare book that combines well-researched facts with verve . . . illuminatingly vivid and interesting from first page to last." — ALICE DIXON BOND, *Boston Herald. Illustrated.* $7.50

MUSIC OBSERVED *by* B. H. HAGGIN. "He is important, and he can be inspiring and exciting, because, with vigor and a precision that makes his prose memorable, he has for years said things one has not been able to read anywhere else, and which have badly needed to be said." — MICHAEL STEINBERG, *The New York Review of Books* $6.50

SLAVERY IN THE CITIES: The South, 1820-1860 *by* RICHARD C. WADE. For the first time, slavery in its urban manifestations is examined in the ante-bellum cities of New Orleans, Mobile, Savannah, Charleston, Richmond, Louisville, and St. Louis — where segregation began a full decade before the Civil War. "Will require the revision of numerous generalizations." — C. VANN WOODWARD $6.75

THE CONCISE OXFORD DICTIONARY OF MUSIC *by* PERCY A. SCHOLES, *second edition edited by* JOHN OWEN WARD. A thoroughgoing revision with numerous new entries; one feature is a "who's who" of 3,500 concise biographies. "Warmly recommended . . . entries are listed alphabetically, with helpful cross-indexing, succinct opinions, plus a generous number of illustrations."— *Saturday Review Syndicate* $7.00

THE BURDEN OF GUILT *by* HANNAH VOGT. This short history of Germany from Kaiser Wilhelm to Hitler, written for the postwar generation of Germans, effectively punctures the myths on which previous generations have been raised. "The remarkable clarity of Miss Vogt's style, and the sincerity of her conviction, make this far more than history." — KAY BOYLE. *Profusely illustrated.* $6.00

THE BOSTON TEA PARTY *by* BENJAMIN WOODS LABAREE. "The tea dumped in Boston Harbor in December 1773 brewed a national revolution in an astonishingly short time. Mr. Labaree's study is far and away the most thorough and authoritative account of why the tea was sent, why it was destroyed, and why its destruction had such consequences." — LYMAN H. BUTTERFIELD $6.00

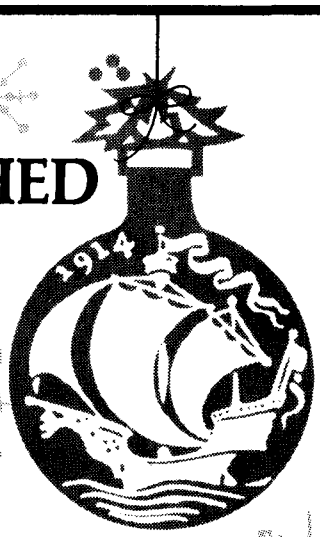
WORLD COMMUNISM: The Disintegration of a Secular Faith *by* RICHARD LOWENTHAL. The schism that is cracking the Communist movement into hostile fragments had origins that most Western observers failed to evaluate properly. By retracing its stages, the author makes the disintegration of world communism historically understandable. "A most valuable review and perceptive analysis." — ZBIGNIEW BRZEZINSKI $6.00

At better bookstores

OXFORD UNIVERSITY PRESS / New York

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

A DISTINGUISHED CHRISTMAS GIFT FOR FRIENDS WHO WILL APPRECIATE IT...



48 issues of

THE NEW REPUBLIC

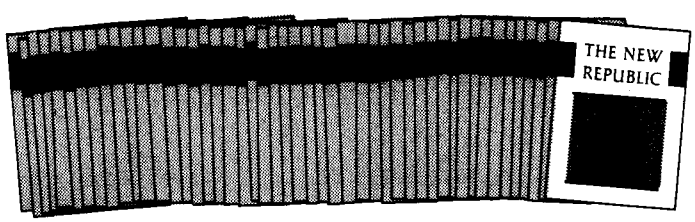
In the past few years, more and more of our readers have discovered that a subscription to THE NEW REPUBLIC is a most successful Christmas gift—a gift that is always appreciated—a gesture that continues to remind the recipient of your thoughtfulness throughout the year.

It is an especially rewarding gift for students, teachers, clergymen, others to whom you would like to give something that will provide food for thought throughout the coming year.

Our special gift rates are listed on the reply envelope bound into this issue of the magazine. Note that you can take advantage of substantial savings on two or more gifts.

Your gift will be announced by a handsome gift card, with your name handwritten.

Use the attached envelope to send your gift list now. The subscription will start at Christmastime.



scenes, from the 16th Century on, transferred the familiar European iconology to depict the unknown. The Indian pictures of Jacques le Moyne and John White, first engraved and published by De Bry in 1590, introduced Europeans to Indians who looked "more like Roman senators than like the red men we know." Thus Europe cast its net over the Atlantic and henceforth Arcadia and America were mumbo-jumboed into believing that they were One.

While this Arcadian conceit fostered the American sense of exceptionalism, and still survives in attenuated forms today, its very brightness encouraged an "anti-image," fed by dire reports and views of travellers, who visited here and found what they sought; and of European interpreters who stayed safely at home while they composed their "testimony" of the frightful, horrifying, repellent New World where the cruelties of Satan and his savages, and the brutality of the Inquisition in Mexico displaced the image of a gigantic blessed land peopled by noble savages. This tradition too was fated to live, manifesting "the power of blackness" over some of the great literary imaginations in America. At any rate, both the renewal of mankind and its vile degeneration, were myths about the New World that entered the consciousness of the European Renaissance. No wonder if Americans misunderstand who and what they were and what they were creating, with such a prelude to the drama!

In Mr. Jones's view the American Republic was a "radical Republic," or at least that was its reputation in a European aggregate of monarchies and only rare, small, and oligarchic "republics." The "radicalism" of the American Republic is a provocative thesis, although one cannot be sure precisely what Mr. Jones means by it. On one level he appears to be saying no more than that the American Revolution, its ideology and philosophy of human rights, triggered the European revolutions in what Robert Palmer has named "The Age of Democratic Revolution." On this plane the "radicalism" functions as a value both for America, for Europe and presumably in the author's eyes. On

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

another level, however, the "radicalism" of the Republic lies close to the fringe of its violent mobs, its lawless and unjust treatment of the Loyalists, and its most bombastic journalistic claims for itself as a new people with a new society superior to anything the world had ever seen. While here, as everywhere, the quoted materials are apt and fascinating, the worrisome problem of the author's own perspective, his "interpretation" remains. Does he mean to imply that the radical Republic was an unjustifiable pretense, a cover for dis-values like mob violence? The problem is not solved by suggesting that perhaps the author meant to say *both* of these things, that both lawless insurgency and enlightened aspirations and programs for human betterment were woven tightly into the "radical" Republic, by way either of image or history. For it is precisely the responsibility of the historical synthesizer to make clearer than before the probable order of urgency of the multiple factors entering into large-scale events, even for that softer complex or cluster of events we designate as cultural.

In this regard, the splendid work Mr. Jones does to exploit the paradox of a "radical" new Republic which nonetheless turned to the classics for inspiration and imitation is again not clear in its ultimate bearings. Thus, while it is true that Revolutionary leaders and the educational practice of 18th Century America placed the highest value on classical learning, this was done out of a philosophy that had been decisively modified by modern thought. The impact of Newtonian philosophy, of Bacon and Locke had not only changed men's outlooks but encouraged them to revise the entire enterprise of learning. Adams and Jefferson and Madison (and many other leaders) knew and adored classical literature; but they counterbalanced it with Christian ethics and with a specifically modern philosophy of science, which they applied to social contexts where they made original contributions to the theory of republican government. So little of this is suggested in *O Strange New World* that one finds the anomaly of a book on the formative period of American culture which never mentions Newton or Locke, and only tangentially, in two trivial contexts, includes the name of Francis Bacon.

However, criticisms like these, which query the explanatory structure and systematic drift of the work almost end by seeming irrelevant to such a rich and fascinating study. Howard Mumford Jones has always worn his learning lightly and there is hardly a page in this book that is devoid of discriminating comment or pungent characterization or felicitous quotation. He remarks, for instance, the incongruity of "a landscape fit for gods and the pettiness of man." In an offhand phrase elsewhere he disposes of a contrived literary interpretation of the New World by saying: "The myth that the American Adam came to the New World and lost his innocence should, in some sense be reversed; he came here to regain virtue." And on occasion, he can cut through a crowded and involved argument like a buzzsaw. In his chapter on "Republican Culture," the tedious battle over whether American literature should be matched to the grandeur of the New World and the momentousness of man's effort to live by the new democratic faith – a debate which every major American man of letters has felt compelled to rehearse in his own terms – is disposed of by a stunning quotation from Longfellow. Referring to "a forgotten romance of his, *Kavanagh*," Mr. Jones unearths for us the definitive dialogue between a man who contemplates founding a new magazine "to raise the character of American literature," arguing "we want a national literature commensurate with our mountains and rivers . . . a national epic that shall correspond to the size of the country . . . altogether shaggy and unshorn, that shall shake the earth, like a herd of buffaloes thundering over the prairies." To which the schoolmaster replies: "Great has a very different meaning when applied to a river, and when applied to a literature. Large and shallow may perhaps be applied to both. . . . Nationality is a good thing to a certain extent, but universality is better. All that is best in the great poets of all countries is not what is national in them, but what is universal. Their roots are in their native soil; but their

A reminder list of important new books from RANDOM HOUSE

THE HORSE KNOWS THE WAY
By JOHN O'HARA. $5.95

FIRST PAPERS
A novel by LAURA Z. HOBSON. $6.95

AN INFINITY OF MIRRORS
A novel by RICHARD CONDON. $5.95

SHADOW AND ACT
By RALPH ELLISON. $5.95

GIRL FROM FITCHBURG
By BERNARDINE KIELTY SCHERMAN. $3.95

WORD OF MOUTH
A novel by JEROME WEIDMAN. $5.95

SNOPES: A TRILOGY
By WILLIAM FAULKNER.
Three volumes, boxed: $14.75

THE INVISIBLE GOVERNMENT
By DAVID WISE & THOMAS B. ROSS. $5.95

CRISIS IN BLACK AND WHITE
By CHARLES E. SILBERMAN. $5.95

THE THINKING DOG'S MAN
By TED PATRICK. $4.95

GIDEON'S TRUMPET
By ANTHONY LEWIS. $4.95

HOW TO TEACH YOUR BABY TO READ
By GLENN DOMAN. $3.95

Now at your bookstore
RANDOM HOUSE

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

AN ACCOMMODATION FROM THE NEW REPUBLIC

Briefly:

you may purchase any book recently reviewed in *The New Republic* for 20 percent less than its retail price. Some of these books are listed in the coupon (below) with the bookstore prices and the lower rates to which you are entitled as a reader of *The New Republic.*

Your check must accompany the order. (We cannot bill you, because the bookkeeping and clerical costs would be prohibitive.)

You may order direct from us, as shown below. *Mail to*

THE NEW REPUBLIC
shipping department
1244 19th Street, N.W.
Washington, D. C.

Please send me a copy of each book I have checked off below.

- ☐ Waugh: *The Early Years* (retail price $5.00) PRICE $4.00
- ☐ Larner: *Drive, He Said* (retail price $3.95) PRICE $2.16
- ☐ Bellow: *Herzog* (retail price $5.75) PRICE $4.60
- ☐ Wells: *Journalism and Prophecy* (retail price $6.95) PRICE $5.36
- ☐ Trumbull: *The Scrutable East* (retail price $4.95) PRICE $3.96
- ☐ Stafford: *Bad Characters* (retail price $4.95) PRICE $3.96

TOTAL:_____*

* My check for this amount is enclosed.

Name_____
(please print)

Street_____

City_____ Zone____ State_____

branches wave in the unpatriotic air, that speaks the same language unto all men, and their leaves shine with illimitable light that pervades all lands."

It is not hard to discern in this quoted material the real unifying thread of Mr. Jones's reflections on American culture. He has joined his fine knowledge of facets of the American past with his high regard for the philosophy of Humanism. In an epigraph to an earlier book, he used Wordsworth's lines in the Prelude; referring to "One great society alone on earth, the noble living and the noble dead." One might say that this penetrating student of American field and stream, mountain and prairie, architecture and art, imagination and idea, man and mores, has attempted the impossible and achieved the admirable. Some at least of the qualities of American civilization, from the opening of the voyages of exploration in the 15th Century to the establishment of an independent American civilization in the 19th Century, have been freshly delineated and provocatively explored.

On balance, he has created an original and personal vision of the formative years of American culture. In making America older, in reuniting her familially with the larger web of European learning and letters, Mr. Jones has given us a strange new book that will always be young.

Listening to Jive Talk

by Albert Goldman

The astonishing spread of jazz slang demonstrates how a tiny, offbeat minority dictates terms to an entire nation. Many years ago this most potent strain of American slang began to ooze from its original sources, the brothels and barrel-houses where the music and the sex shared the common name *jazz,* into the sewer-like labyrinth of the underground, where it became the lingua franca of the pimps, pushers and B-girls; the hookers, hitters, hipsters and beats. Then from these subterranean channels it worked its way out into the open via Broadway, where it flowed easily into the mouths of thousands of urban teenagers eager to offend. As those man-sized adolescents, the disc-jockeys, whipped each wave of the jazz fad to its crest, the mass media scooped up the froth and spread it across the country with countless articles appearing in *Life, Time* and *Newsweek.*

A Jazz Lexicon
by Robert Gold
(Knopf; $5.95)

The efforts of these cultural pushers met an answering appetite. Words like *cool, hip, square,* and *hang-up* were gobbled up by a society that increasingly yearns for that little "edge," that trifling verbal distinction that signals sophistication. But on the long haul out to the provinces the smoky flavor of these words often evaporated. When Smiley Smith in Boise tells someone that he "had a ball," chances are that he doesn't intend any sexual innuendo; and when Dawn Jones croons "funky" while listening to "The Animals," we can be pretty sure that she is innocent of the original association between her adjective and sexual odors as her mother was of the connection between boogie-woogie and syphilis. Once these words get into general circulation, they're not hip anymore; for by the time the "fays" have caught them, the cats on 125th Street are tapping out their messages on a different key.

The first code books of jazz slang or *jive talk* appeared in the thirties. They bore the names of such ancient culture heroes as Cab Calloway and Benny Goodman, and they touted the reader on the meaning of wild new words like *alligator* (a swing fan), *jitterbug, cutting a rug* and *cooking with gas (with both burners wide open!).* Then in the forties and fifties the "wigs" took over from the musicians: critics and hipsters like Leonard Feather, Bob Reisner and Elliot Horne peddled paper-bound

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

booklets adorned with "Bop Jokes and Cool Cartoons." Eventually, the heavyweight lexicographers came clanking on the scene, and the language was embalmed in bulky compilations like the *American Thesaurus of Slang* (revised 1953), and the *Dictionary of American Slang* (1960). At this point it looked like the job had finally been done – but it hadn't. At a conservative guess, four-fifths of the entries in the *Thesaurus* are inauthentic neologisms culled from disc jockeys, gossip columns and teen fadists; the compilers even commit the howler of spelling Louis Armstrong's name "Lewis." Though the *Dictionary* is much better, it, too, reveals excessive dependence on printed instead of oral sources, and it mindlessly echoes the mistakes of earlier glossaries (accepting "hep," a word never used by musicians, as an earlier form of "hip") while dealing prudishly and often inaccurately with the idiom's jarring obscenities.

The final codification of jazz slang has had to wait all these years for someone with the uniquely blended qualifications of the academic lexicographer's thoroughness and linguistic science and the hipster's on-the-turf intimacy with the jazz scene. Robert Gold, a professor of English at Jersey City State College and a veteran observer of the jazz world, has produced the first fully satisfactory treatment. Exhaustive in its entries, accurate in its definitions, discriminating in its selection of authentic terminology, arranged according to the historical method of *The Oxford English Dictionary*, *A Jazz Lexicon* easily supersedes its predecessors. Yet it will probably suffer their fate and sit forlornly on the reference shelf in the library awaiting the clandestine clasp of an adolescent hand. This is a pity, considering the insight this volume provides into a world more often exploited than understood. For jazz slang, jazz music and the jazz life are (or *were*) simply different expressions of the same spirit, and each is a mirror in which the others are reflected.

The vocabulary of the jazz musician is vivid and powerful, but his speech is often vague, monotonous and unclear, because a few key value words usurp in each period the functions of an entire spectrum of language. In the Bop period of the late forties, everything that was "in" – beards, glasses, fancy speech, as well as the musical style – was "bop." When "cool" came in with the early fifties, this monosyllable assumed every grammatical function, operating as verb, adjective, noun. Now the same thing is happening with *"soul"* – the effort to get back to the racial roots of jazz in country blues and gospel music: Harlem is *"soul city"*; Southern cooking is *soul food;* fellow musicians are *soul brothers.* The history of jive talk, then, is just the history of the death and renewal of this limited vocabulary as – in every era – its coinages are pounded flat by over use.

One of the interesting ways to read *The Jazz Lexicon* is to watch how the words bunch around the prime values and how they spawn generations of synonyms that often presuppose an earlier form which has been truncated or parodied in the latest version. Thus, to take an obvious example, no language in the world has a higher proportion of superlatives than has jive talk. And when all these different ways of saying "wow!" are sorted out, they fall into lots, depending on which primary value is being evoked. One strain derives from the idea of transcendence, as in the old phrase *out of this world.* Later this was shortened to *out;* lengthened again to *out of sight;* parodied as *gone;* and understated as *somethin' else* or, as a coolie would say today – *different.* Another superlative shows the common association between fantasy and madness: *crazy, insane, nutty, wild.* Still another shows the great value placed on violence: *kill, knock out, fracture, knock a hole in, break up.* But the most numerous class of superlatives are those whose connotations are sexual: *hot, swinging, rocking, riding, smoking, burning, balling, up tight.*

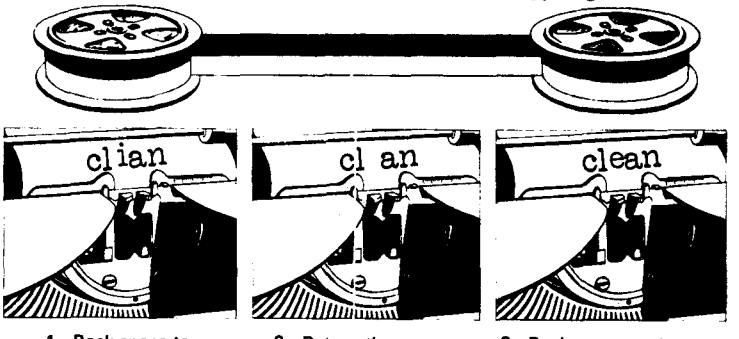
There is also a heavily used vocabulary to express suffering, frustration, failure; but it is significant that these words understate, minimize, or shrug off troubles too familiar and too distressing to require dramatization. Thus, all

The World's First Self Correcting Typewriter Ribbon

SPELLright

No more messy letters . . . Costly retyping . . . Wasted Stationery

Now a fast, clean way to correct a typing error:



1. Back space to error, shift ribbon selector to "RED"
2. Retype the error . . . and watch it vanish
3. Back space again shift selector to "BLACK". Type correct letter.

This is a fine quality nylon ribbon that outlasts ordinary two-color ribbons.

CONTEMPORARY AFFAIRS SOCIETY Dept. s.o.
National Press Bldg. • Washington 4, D. C.

Please send me _____ SPELLright ribbons for _____
(name and make of typewriter: indicate if standard or portable)

@ $3.00 each plus 10¢ per ribbon for postage and handling charges. I enclose check for $_____

Name _____ Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip Code _____

(If you have friends who want to know about SPELLright please send names on separate sheet.)

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ALMOST FREE

BOOKS, a rousing new monthly newspaper, publishes *news*—not reviews—of books and authors. It tells you *everything* that's published, not just the few titles that get reviewed. It's original . . . witty . . . gives you *lots* to talk about. It really covers the book beat, e.g., the new edition of "The Way of the Pilgrim," the book Franny Glass had a nervous breakdown over; James Purdy, who says he doesn't exist because "I am not sophisticated in a cultured Jewish-New Yorker way"; the contribution of Southern Illinois University Press to man's knowledge; LSD brings on "a world as different from life as life after death may be."

BOOKS also brings you publishers' catalog copy—so that you know full details on books published every month in your fields of interest.

We would like to put you on our permanent mailing list. You pay only for postage and handling—which comes to $2.92 for a 1-year, 12-issue period. Since BOOKS is not available at newsstands, why live without us. Send us the coupon today.

The Agel Publishing Co., Inc.
598 Madison Ave., New York, N. Y. 10022
Please send me BOOKS every month for the next year. I have enclosed my check for $2.92 to cover the cost of postage and handling.

Name.....
Address.....
City.....
State..... Zip.....

You Can Buy It Now!

HENRY ROTH'S AMERICAN CLASSIC

call it sleep

"One of the few genuinely distinguished novels written by a 20th century American." Irving Howe, Front Page New York Times Book Review

Avon 95c

EUROPE

An unregimented trip stressing individual freedom. Low cost yet covers all the usual plus places other tours miss. Unless the standard tour is a "must" for you, discover this unique tour before you go to Europe.
EUROPE SUMMER TOURS
255 Sequoia, Dept. N—Pasadena, California

the hardships of maturation are written off as *paying dues;* a situation of grave danger or humiliation is dismissed as a *bad scene,* a *drag,* a *hassle.* Even death is treated jocularly: when a jazzman dies, he *rolls a seven, calls off all bets,* or simply *checks out.* One thing the language does not have is a word for comfortable mediocrity.

The values of the normal world are defiantly inverted in the world of jazz: *bad, terrible* and *tough* are synonyms for excellence, while *sweet* and *pretty* are terms of disparagement. But even when the values of the upper and the underworlds coincide, the emphasis is not the same. Sophistication, knowledge, alertness, and awareness are obviously good things, but where the white American sees these qualities as means of enhancing life, the Negro prizes them as protection. Gold writes: "The way [hip boots] protect the wearer from bad weather or dangerous currents is analogous to the way in which *hipness* arms one against social perils."

The language's principal obscenity has an amazing number of forms: *mother, motheree, motherferyer, mother fouler, mother hugger, mother jiver, mother lover, mother superior, mammy jammer,* etc. Though this phrase appears to be an outrageous insult (as it was long ago when it was hatched in the primitive game of abuse called the *dirty dozens*), its customary usage among Negroes today is as a term of grudging esteem or affection. An explanation of this paradoxical use not mentioned by Gold is related to a peculiarity of Negro family life: since many mothers live with men who aren't their husbands, this typical epithet – in addition to its obvious reference to incest – may describe the ambivalent blend of resentment and respect felt by a Negro boy for his mother's lover, part father, part interloper.

If Gold's *Lexicon* has a substantial shortcoming, it is the unavoidable limitation of the word list as a method of representing a living speech. Even though he has been careful to include entries obtained from oral as well as printed sources, all the citations are from articles and novels in which jazz language is necessarily stylized to intensify its flavor. More Boswell and less Johnson would have given us a more authentic and original specimen of the jazz idiom. Here was an opportunity for a sane man to pick up on the late Joe Gould's fantasy of an Oral History of the World by throwing in a generous handful of jazz talk *in vivo.*

And this brings us to the "nitty gritty" of this whole question of jive talk. Just how live is it today? During the years Gold was preparing his book, the jazz age was running down to its end. What was planned as a key to a living language has actually become its monument. The *Lexicon's* jacket calls it the history of "America's most successful nonconformist minority." Ironically, the very "success" of this minority has resulted in its elevating itself out of its citadel in Harlem as it strains for the sophistication of the international *avant garde.* Most of the words in the *Lexicon* would be spurned by today's young jazz musician, who is well educated, refined and sophisticated, alienated from his people, self-conscious when he attempts "soul music." Harlem will go on spewing out new words and launching new fads for years to come, but the jazzman will not – as in the past – stand in the midst of this yeasty action, "sending messages" from underground.

NOTES ON CONTRIBUTORS

John Wain's *book,* The Living World of Shakespeare *has just been published by St. Martin's.*

Alan Watts' *newest book is* Beyond Theology.

Paul Murray Kendall *is author of* The Yorkist Age.

Victor Lange *is professor of Germanic Languages at Princeton.*

Joseph Epstein, *formerly a New York magazine editor, is now a free-lance writer.*

Malcolm Muggeridge *is in the United States on a lecture tour.*

Adrienne Koch *is chairman of the Department of American Studies at the University of California.*

Albert Goldman *teaches English at Columbia University.*

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Correspondence

Who is "Women"?

Sirs:

In *The New Republic*'s 50th anniversary issue Professor Bettelheim drew the "obvious" conclusions that certain occupations (education, social work, nursing) "are attractive to women because they are in line with their specific genius . . ." and agreed with Erik Erikson that women are "masters in exploring and fulfilling the requirements of living within an 'inner space' of experience. Men are equally beholden to mastery of external space." I ask, who is "women"?

A little research will reveal former pronouncements that women are inhibited, domineering, generous, fragile, impulsive, intuitive, frustrated, petty, insecure, castrating, and gentle. All true. Happiness for the Fulfilled Female lies in the kitchen, classroom, garden, assembly line, nursery, playground, or bed. Right. And to help us reach self-realization, men are willing to master us, cajole us, pet us, need us, accept us, confide in us, wash our dishes, and buy us anniversary presents. Precisely.

But "special genius" and mastery of "inner space" we do not want. We merely want to be able to be a nuclear physicist without our brother calling us an oddball. Or to knit a tie for our bridegroom without being asked when we are expecting our first. Or to move into an apartment house without having to enter the bridge tournament. Or to turn over in bed and go to sleep without feeling we're a frigid wife. In short, to feel that we are not being insecure or unawakened or lazy because we do not fit into the latest stereotype of the Woman in American Society.

We have lived through a gaggle of stereotypes. The Victorian mistress of the dollhouse was liberated by the Susan B. Anthonys and then by the flapper of the twenties, who supposedly grasped freedom (*i.e.*, happiness) with her bare knees. World War II blared that the sublimated woman must grasp a riveter. And the fifties sent her scuttling to the kitchen, where she would resume her natural happy role, provided only that she be permitted to add sugar and an egg to the cake mix.

In each period we have hopefully conformed with the prevailing stereotype, and when any of us failed to find happiness in it, we wondered what was wrong with us. Like the slick stories that promise happy endings, these stereotypes are psychological traps. They provide – like the naïve politician – simple solutions for complex problems. So, instead of starting with a self-inventory, today's young woman conforms to stock values in choosing her mate or her job.

She looks at the ambitious, clean-cut man who has given up cigarettes and drinks imported beer and thinks, "This man would make any girl a good husband." But she should be thinking, "Given the facts that I'm an only child who preferred teddy bears to Barbie dolls, and whose mother made me recite Edgar Guest and whose father fed me truffles at midnight, can this man cope with me? Is he compatible with my peculiar needs and eccentricities, and am I with his?"

Nor do we want to be burdened with any special genius for nursing, when we look for a job. We are already filled with guilt for not having baked bread or written a great symphony or satisfied our husband or taught our children to spell. Or of having done those things when we should have been doing something else.

All we seek is a flexible society that will let us find ourselves, each in her own way. . . . Let the formula for Women include not only the ardent wife waiting with the warmed slippers but also the mathematician whose lover is secondary to her equations. It will not require a job analysis to keep us from taking positions not physically appropriate. Longshoremen need have no worries.

Simone de Beauvoir in *The Second Sex* has eloquently charged that "all the main features of . . . a woman's training combine to bar her from the roads of revolt and adventure." In that connection we must credit Professor Bettelheim with helping the womanly rebel by his suggestions that work hours be made more flexible to meet the peculiar demands of a woman's life. Now let him and other theorists of what-every-woman-should-be keep us from the despair of trying to conform with society's stereotypes. . . .

Betty Bavier
Studio City, California

Eckhardt's Community

Sirs:

I read with increasing amazement Wolf Von Eckardt's "The Community" (November 7). Reston's plan seems very good, but who will live there? Those who can afford to pay $23,000 to $46,400 for a town house. Thus the article is good aesthetics but utterly lacks feeling for vital social problems; *Time* could do as well. I am amazed to see *The New Republic* conceiving of "planning" in such a vacuum.

And what promise does Mr. Von Eckardt offer for the future? Because government has a poor record in the past, the future must continue to lie with private enterprise. But Mr. Von Eckardt finally acknowledges that Reston is a country club for the few and that private enterprise is not going to

Philosopher, liberal theologian, discoverer of oxygen

THE MEMOIRS OF DR. JOSEPH PRIESTLEY

Abridged, revised from 2-volume 1806 edition

"The interesting thing about Dr. Priestley is that he was quite a scientist. . . . He is remembered as a brave Unitarian, and it is good to have this little book of his memoirs. . . ." —Harry Golden

BARCROFT BOOKS
Box 2009 Washington, D.C. 20013

Please send me The Memoirs of Dr. Joseph Priestley.

☐ I will remit $4 plus postage within 10 days, or return the book.

☐ $4 enclosed; book to be mailed postpaid. (Refund if not satisfied.)

Name _____

Address _____

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE BEAUTIFUL EQUALITY PIN . . . $1.00 Student Peace Union national office. 5 Beekman Street, New York 38, N.Y.

PRESIDENTIAL CAMPAIGN BUTTONS – prior to 1932 wanted for collection. Write R. S. Langmade, 4802 E. Van Buren, Phoenix, Arizona.

"1965 WORLD HOLIDAY CALENDAR," $2.00; "Holiday Gifts to Promote Peace," $.50. Address: *The Friendly World*, GPO Box 1004, Brooklyn, N.Y., 11202.

MAKE DELICIOUS HOMEMADE YOGURT – Save 80 percent. Simple, guaranteed directions; $1. Yogurt, 67 Wellington Road, East Brunswick, New Jersey.

"BYE-BYE Barry" BUTTONS. $.50 each. Tell, P.O. Box 4929, Chicago, Illinois 60680.

"PIONEER," THE MONTHLY NEWSLETTER about opportunities and living conditions in remote, sparsely-settled areas of the West. $2 a year. Samples available. Box 149, Calabasas, California.

PERSONALITY THEORIES. Schematic analysis makes them understandable, shows conceptual interrelations, integrates psychological-psychoanalytical reading. $2.00 prepaid, Ralph Segalman, Dept. NR, 249 Viking, El Paso, Texas 79912.

CASH FOR AUTOGRAPHS AND LETTERS of Literary and Political Personages. Ernest C. Fackler, Concordia, Fort Wayne, Indiana.

COMMUNICATION WITH MACHINES? Learn FORTRAN, math language of computers. Home study course. Box 310 New Republic.

TEACHER NEEDS ADDITIONAL AID to continue production of high school economics film series Help bring Galbraith, Heller, Ackley AND Friedman, etc. to the classroom through student-produced sound film discussions. Help send a student-teacher crew to your favorite economist this summer. Write T. Morgan, Napa High School, Napa, California, for more information.

PSYCHOLOGICALLY Puzzled? Read "Physchoanalysis Debunked" – Decline of Freudian dynasty. Conscious mind is source of sexual vigor. Transcript $3.00, Research Publications, 185 N. Wabash Ave., Chicago, Ill. 60601.

TOUR UNIQUE HISTORIC PUBS. London, vicinity. GB Associates, 3909 North 23, Waco, Texas.

SUMMERHILL-INSPIRED SCHOOL and organic farming community now forming. Seeking students, ages 5-15, and community members, for opening in September, '65. Contact H. Zitzler, 6133 N. Kenmore Ave., Chicago, Ill. 60626.

WHAT *DOES* THE NEGRO THINK? Useful guide for politicians, the confused, the exasperated, the interested, and for the Negro, himself. What about Martin Luther King and the Nobel Prize? Did it enshrine him or embalm him as a Negro leader? How come all that 'voiah-lance in the street? Read, "Come on over to our school, y'all!" . . . . a rousing solution to the school integration problem. 25 cents for single copies, $3 per yr. The TRIBUNE, edited by Almena Lomax, Wilkie Journalism Award Winner, Drawer SS, Tuskegee Institute, Ala.

AMBITIOUS, SECOND YEAR, B.U. Law student desires summer work experience in Labor Law or Relations, preferably in New England area. If interested, write Brian Borghesi, 33 Lancaster Terrace, Brookline, Mass.

undertake to house the poor. Where does that leave the poor in "The Great Society"? – still, in Mr. Von Eckardt's limited version, very much with us, ironing our shirts and sweeping our garages.

Nonsense! If your vision of "The Great Society" includes well-"planned" new towns but ignores the problem of poverty, then the new towns will be ringed with barbed wire and protected by sentries against the embittered victims of the dangerous obtuseness which Mr. Von Eckardt exemplifies.

L. Jesse Lemisch
University of Chicago

Although new towns are desirable for other reasons, Mr. Von Eckardt's case for them is distressing on several counts. First, his concept of planning leaves no room for people who prefer the privacy of single family homes and gardens to "community," public open space and a plethora of recreation facilities, and thus for no choice between what seem to me two equally legitimate ways of living. Second, and more distressing, his article is an extended advertisement for a new town in which, whatever its many virtues, the cheapest house costs $23,000. Worst of all, his blueprint offers no real help to the millions of people still living in unheated, vermin-infested shacks and tenements; their problems are infinitely more serious than any found in suburbia.

Someday, there may be a Great Society in which everyone can afford a $23,000 house. Indeed, that ought to be a major goal of planning. At that time, Mr. Von Eckardt's view of cities as gardens in which to try out ideas of beauty may be a defensible basis for public policy, but today, first priority must be given to the elimination of urban poverty, slums and racial segregation.

Herbert J. Gans
Columbia University

In reply . . .

Only time can settle the question as to whether Reston will become a "country club community" or the kind of new town we need and hope for. Robert Simon, Reston's developer, James Rouse, a Baltimore developer who has just announced plans for a similar but larger new town near Baltimore called "Columbia," and others are fully agreed that a proper new town must include people of all income groups and races. That is the only discernible way today to open the big city ghettos and let some of its people out so that middle income groups who so choose can move back to the cities.

But with housing, the low income people who move to the new towns must also have employment. If Mr. Lemisch doesn't want to rake leaves and iron shirts, he will surely agree with Simon that the first task for Reston or any other new town, is to attract industry. The best hope to attract industry it would seem, is first of all to create the kind of environment Reston promises to create.

For the past fifteen years public policy has been directed towards clearing the slums. It has only created new ones. Instead of "relocating" slum dwellers we must rehouse them. We must also try to take as many of them out of their ghettos into new, racially and economically mixed communities where they find places of employment. This is or should be the idea of America's new towns. Last summer the liberal mayors and a good many "housers" opposed government assistance for this concept. Now a private developer is beginning to realize it. To attract industry and make it work as a free enterprise endeavor, he must begin with $23,000 houses and up. If it does work, he has every intention to provide housing for all who find work in his town. Surely, since public policy has failed so far, this private attempt merits the encouragement of "an extended advertisement." As to free choice for those who prefer single family homes (which Reston also provides) there are plenty of Levittowns.

Wolf Von Eckardt
Washington, D.C.

BIG BROTHER IS WATCHING YOU!

A mobile that is timely, tantalizing, topical. Hang it in your den, office, living room.
$2.00 postpaid
T. Beaubien Healy
234 Tenth St.
Toledo 2, Ohio

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

COGENT BUMPER STICKERS: "Landon," "What's Wrong With LSD?", "Beethoven", "Jung SI, Freud NO", 25c each, H. J. Mills, Box 8142, Columbus, Ohio 43201.

ARE YOU GETTING YOUR MONEY'S WORTH? Use the same Permanent Anti-Freeze safely for many years! Test its corrosion resistant properties with an "Argus Scientific" kit; effective for 25 simple 30 second tests. 25c, J. Friedman, P.O. Box 14, Revere, Mass.

A UNIQUE CHILDREN'S ACTIVITY BOOK, challenging & fun. "FORM & COLOR" by Jim Crockett, a non-objective coloring book. Allows children to work with line, form, space & color in *themselves*. 11" x 17" on coated paper & pad bound for easy page display. $1.50 postpaid. Calif. residents add 6c tax. BOOKS UNIVERSAL, Livermore, Calif. 94550.

MEMBERS EXCHANGE HOMES for rent free vacations. Write Vacations Exchange Club, 554 Fifth Avenue, New York 36.

APPRENTICE ARCHITECT. University of Oklahoma graduate. 1½ years experience with architect, 1 year experience with structural engineer. Enjoys works of Barromini, Gaudi, Richardson, Sullivan, C. Jeanneret, F. L. Wright, Goff and Greene. Job needed. J. McKinney, 1509 North Linn. Oklahoma City, Okla. 73102.

FREE Paperback Catalogue. Great Savings. New York Paperback-Record Club, 4-C West 43 Street, New York City 10036.

THE HUMANIST relies only upon himself and is concerned with *this* life. He accepts the responsibility of working to perfect the world. Are there reasons why humanists should join the American Humanist Association? Literature available. Dept. NR 1, Humanist House, Yellow Springs, Ohio.

FOOT COMFORT—Also extra large sizes. Free all-seasons catalogue. 50 styles double deerskin, sheepskin moccasins, casuals, other slippers, shoes, boots. Cottage Crafts Shop, Rutland 6, Vermont.

SYMPHONY CONDUCTOR, 35, excellent background, mindful of public-relations, budgets, programming; seeks post within 500 mile radius of NYC. Box 285, New Republic.

BEAUTIFUL BLACK AND WHITE 8x10 ENLARGEMENT from any photo, negative or slide—$2.00 postpaid. Satisfaction guaranteed. Erler Cameras, 1540 E. 83rd St., Chicago, Illinois 60619.

GOOD CIGARS
For The knowledgeable Smoker.
Handmade in The Old Tradition
Of Finest Imported Tobaccos.
Packed In Cedar Boxes
FALL SPECIALS

	Box of 50
Magnificos, 7 inch, Handsome, Thick	19.00
Elegantes, 7 inch Beautifully Slim	12.75
Coronas Gordas, 6 inch Superthick	15.00
Lord Chesters, 6 inch Classic Perfecto	16.00
Palmas, 6 inch Classic, Medium Thick	12.75
Churchills, 7 inch, Superthick (Nameworthy)	24.00

Choice of Wrappers: Havana Candela Claro (All long filler)
English Market (Medium Claro); Maduro (Dark)
Order Direct From Factory
CIGAR CRAFTSMEN'S GUILD OF TAMPA
2008 - 14th Street, Tampa 5, Florida.

NEW REPUBLIC new or renewal, 25 issues $3.00; Fact 1 year $6.50. Gift subscriptions, cards included, write catalog. Pollocks Magazine Service, Little Silver, New Jersey.

"UNLIKE ANY OTHER MAGAZINE!" The Booklover's Answer, fascinating national magazine for book collectors. Pick up a copy at your favorite bookstore; or send $1.00 for introductory package of recent issues. The Booklover's Answer, Webster 9, New York.

YOUR HANDWRITING REVEALS character, hidden talents, potentials, flaws, your health, personality. Send three pages, $5.00 for astonishing professional evaluation. Graph-Lab, Box 12-M, Olympia, Washington.

ADULT DEGREE PROGRAM for men and women over 25 whose college careers were interrupted before graduation. B.A. degree may be earned through series of six-month study cycles combining two-week seminars on campus twice yearly with independent study at home. Enter in February or August. Write: Mrs. Polly R. Holden, Adult Degree Program, Goddard College, Plainfield, Vermont.

VACATION HOME-Exchange. Reputable clients, USA and foreign. VACEX, PO Box 2836, Washington, D. C. 20013.

WHAT DID CONGRESS DO THIS YEAR? The November issue of THE IDLER contains provisions of major 1964 legislation. Here's an issue you'll wish to keep. Send 50c for copy or $6.00 for year's subscription to the liberal monthly that's fun to read: THE IDLER, 125 Fifth St., N.E., Washington 2, D. C.

GIFT IDEAS: Ask for free catalogs of Deerskin suede hats, vest, shirts, jackets, gloves, boots, slippers. Cuttery. Hunting Knives. Coffee gourmet services. Pewter reproductions. Cottage Crafts Shop, Rutland 6, Vermont 05701.

CONSERVATIONISTS, CAMPERS, NATURALISTS, ARTISTS: Help establish *Indiana Dunes National Lakeshore*. Join Save The Dunes Council NOW, Box 303, Chesterton, Indiana. Membership $2, $5, $10, $14.50.

JOIN WINDSOR INSTITUTE. Challenging program, personally useful research. Windsor, Mass.

FOR ANTIQUARIANS still shooting black and white films, finest quality enlargements 5x7—35c, 8x10—44c, 11x14—95c, 16x20—$2.50. Please add postage. Foto Portrait Co., 1173 Ogden Ave., New York 10452.

"GOLDWATER FOR KING THEN" bumper sticker, 25c each, H. J. Mills, Dept. T. T, Box 8142 Columbus, Ohio 43201.

HARPSICHORD KIT—A superb, authentic, full toned instrument for home workshop assembly, $150. Same instrument as owned by Philadelphia Orchestra and RCA Victor. Also Clavichord kit, $100. Free brochure. Please write: Zuckermann Harpsichords, Dept. P, 115 Christopher Street, N.Y.C. 14.

SUPERB SOUND QUALITY make Sabathil harpsichords famous. 3921 W 25th, Vancouver, Canada.

"WILL FORMS." Two will forms and book on wills. $1.00 complete. National Forms, Box 48313NR, Los Angeles 48, Calif.

ADVENTURE AT YOUR FINGERTIPS—Fishing in Fiji. Sailing on The Sahara, Beachcombing in Bali. Unusual vacation ideas for the individualist. Venturesome Vacations, P.O. Box 735, Dept A, Miami, Florida.

BRIGHTEST STUDENTS prepare for B.A. examination by tutorial studies, at Blake College, Valle de Bravo, Mexico.

OVERSEAS POSITIONS offer high salaries, free travel. Employers provide transportation and liberal vacations. Comprehensive new booklet, "Guide to Employment Abroad," covers all possibilities in sixty countries, all occupations. Includes exclusive "Directory of American Companies Overseas." Special reports on summer jobs, Government careers overseas, international organizations, medical work, teaching, librarian, secretarial positions, English-language newspapers overseas, social work. Send $1.00. Airmail 30¢ extra. Money-back guarantee. Hill International Publications, P.O. Box 79-N, East Islip, New York.

20 BEAUTIFUL BLACK & WHITE WALLET SIZE prints and 1 5x7 in folder—$3.00 postpaid; made from any slide, negative or photo. Satisfaction guaranteed. Erler Camera, 1540 East 83rd Street, Chicago 19, Illinois.

BRITISH BOOK BARGAINS - All subjects. Catalogue free. Wants found. Transbooks, Box 44-NR, Matawan, New Jersey.

HARPSICHORDS, CLAVICHORDS by Sperrhake. Dependable, beautiful, moderately priced. Robert S. Taylor, 8710 Garfield Street, Bethesda, Maryland.

BRITISH SHOES FOR GENTLEMEN at a fraction of their American retail price! $11.95 includes duty and import charges. Delivery in ten days from receipt of order. Money back guarantee. Write for free illustrated catalogue. Steven Williams, Jr., Ltd., 37 East Willow Street, Millburn, N.J.

SILENCE THOSE AGGRESSIVE HUCKSTERS! - Minimize commercial brain-washing! Silence commercials with simple device. Illustrated "do-it-yourself" instructions plus safety resistor, 25c; complete kit, including switch, wire and safety resistor, $1.50 The Silencer, P.O. Box 106, Berkeley 1, California.

LOCATE BOOKS! Fla. Bookhunters. Box 1749-R. Orlando, Florida.

ART BOOKS - new - old and rare, collections purchased large or small. Hacker Art Books, 54 West 57th Street, N. Y. 10019.

NAME THE BOOK—We'll get it. CHICAGO BOOK MART, Chicago Heights 331, Illinois.

GREEN VALLEY: a small, tutorial school in the progressive tradition. Orange City 10, Florida.

EXPERIMENT WITH "SLEEP-LEARNING." Self-hypnosis. Use your phonograph, recorder. Fascinating, educational. Details free. Sleep-Learning Research Association, Box 24-NR, Olympia, Washington.

CONTEMPORARY JAPANESE FOLK PRINTS. Authenticated by Folk Craft Center of Japan. Excellent for collectors, gifts, framing, etc. Limited editions. $6.00-$7.50 Illustrated catalogue, airmail, $1.00 (creditable against first order). ADACHI INSTITUTE, CPO Box 362, Tokyo, Japan.

Printed by National Publishing Co.
301 N St., N.E., Washington 2, D. C.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Mr. PIERRE GUASTALLA
President of famed La Jeune
Gravure Contemporaine in Paris

Imagine . . . an original Renoir in your home!

How would you like to hang an original etching by Renoir, Dufy, Poliakoff, Degas, Cocteau, Villon, Jacob, or other great artists, in your living room for you and your friends to admire? They will be given away as prizes periodically by Art of All Nations, Inc. to focus public attention on a unique cultural experiment.

How would you like to get to know the upcoming masters in all parts of the world and be able to buy their choice works at low price, with the likelihood that these works will double, treble, and more in value over the years? How would you like to be welcome guests in their studios when next you visit Paris, London, Rome, Zurich, Amsterdam and other art centers of the world?

Here's how—and why—you can do all this. Everybody knows the unfortunate story of so many of the world's great artists who lived in poverty while turning out masterpieces. After they died the world recognized their genius and the prices of their paintings soared in value. Today their collective works are worth millions of dollars, and the regrettable fact is that the price willingly paid today for any single painting could have provided each artist with enough money to live on for his entire lifetime.

Van Gogh is probably the most widely known victim of this situation. The celebrated American painter, John Sloan, once offered at the peak of his creative career to trade all his paintings for a steady $100 each week—with no takers. The lengthy history of great art is filled with similar victims.

No single organization, no matter how well-intentioned, can of course change this. Art of All Nations, Inc. was formed primarily to bring the best art by the best living artists in each country into more homes, and aid as a result the artists.

In this undertaking art experts of many nations have volunteered their services. They include Mr. Jean-Hubert Delamarre, lecturer at the Louvre museum in Paris; Mr. Pierre Guastalla, president of La Jeune Gravure Contemporaine in Paris; and art gallery experts from Paris to Tel-Aviv. They are helping to select the art and the artists. Naturally the artists have joined this undertaking wholeheartedly, and have agreed to create works exclusively for Art of All Nations, Inc. at low prices.

You are now invited to participate in this cultural experiment for one year for only one dollar. No obligations. You will receive for your dollar all the following benefits: you will automatically participate in the drawing for an original etching by Renoir and by other established masters. You will receive periodically for one year catalogs which will illustrate the best art by the upcoming masters, and contain background information about the artists and art trends in many countries. You will be entitled to buy signed, numbered, original lithographs in several colors, engravings and other works of art by these upcoming masters at a price comparable to a pair of theater or concert tickets. Similar works are being sold today in the U.S. at prices 50% to 75% higher. It is likely that the works you buy will double, treble, and more in value over the years. You will be welcome in the artists' studios when next you travel abroad.

Fill out the coupon now. Add the names of any of your friends who might be interested in joining you in this unique cultural experiment, and enclose one dollar for each name. They will be notified that you sponsored them. If you wish to be eligible only for the drawing and not for any of the other benefits, send in the coupon without the dollar.

You are invited to embark on a cultural adventure for the next twelve months. Mail the coupon today. Your first catalog containing the works of artists from France, Japan, Hungary, Germany, Spain, Bulgaria, Israel, Lebanon, will be mailed to you.

(C) 1964 Art of All Nations, Inc., Harmon, New York

BUSINESSMEN, PROFESSIONALS
Enjoy the advantages of displaying original art in your offices. Write for special offers.

CIVIC ORGANIZATIONS AND CLUBS
Special offers excellent for fund-raising are available.

LONDON PARIS NEW YORK TEL-AVIV AMSTERDAM ROME

ART OF ALL NATIONS, INC. Dept. NR
Harmon, New York

☐ Enclosed is my dollar. Send my first catalog and enroll me as a patron of the arts for one year with all the benefits, no obligations.

☐ Consider my name only for the drawing.

NAME .....

ADDRESS .....

CITY..... STATE..... ZIP.....

ART OF ALL NATIONS, INC.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED